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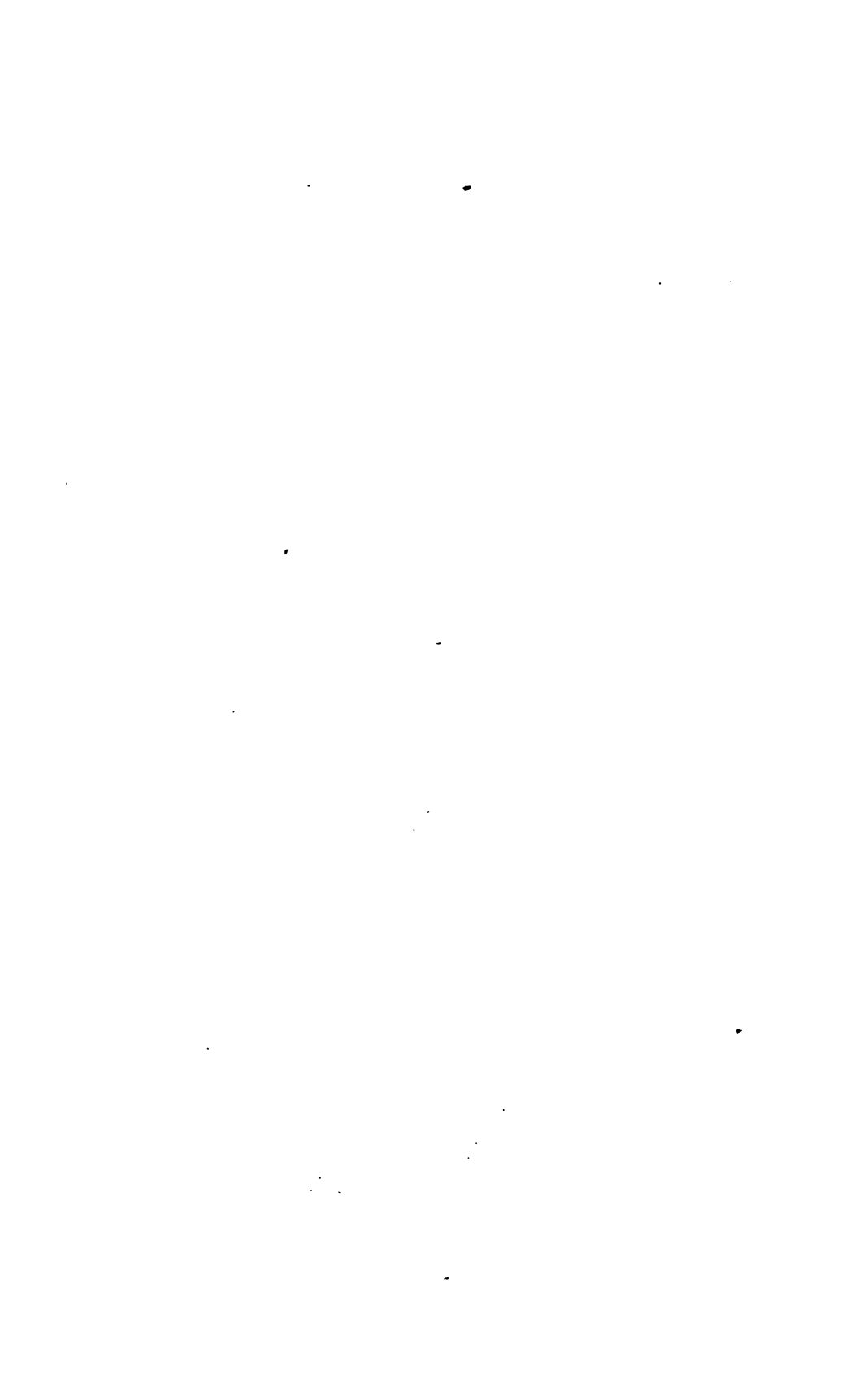


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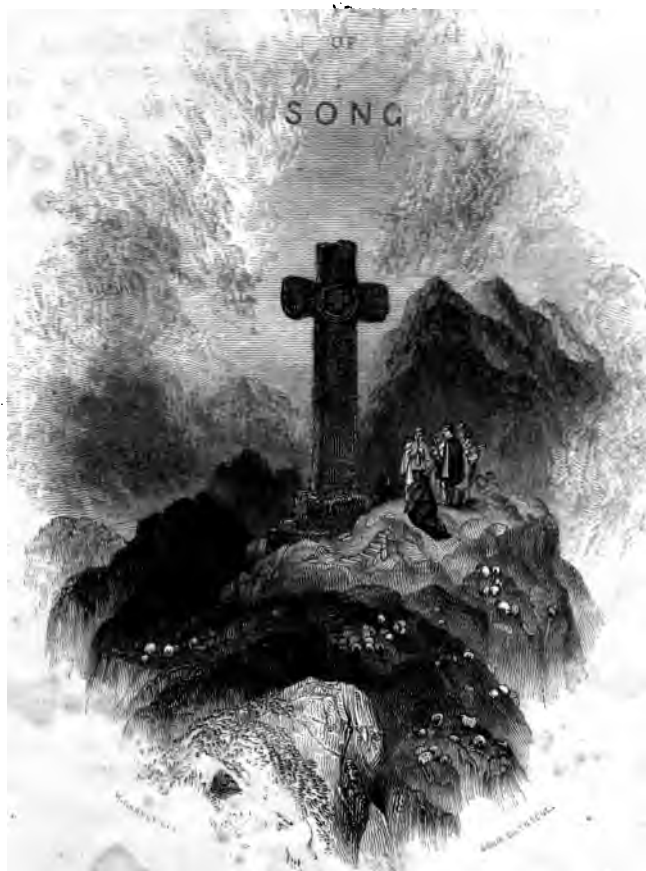




THE SOLACE OF SONG.

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THE
SOLACE



THE SOLACE OF SONG

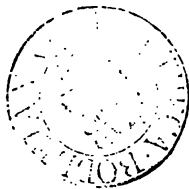
SHORT POEMS

SUGGESTED BY

SCENES VISITED ON A CONTINENTAL TOUR,

CHIEFLY IN ITALY.

WHAT HAVE I BROUGHT THEE HOME
FOR THIS THY LOVE? HAVE I DISCHARGED THE DEBT,
WHICH THIS DAY'S FAVOUR DID BEGET?
I CAN—BUT ALL I BROUGHT WAS FOAM.—HERBERT



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P R E F A C E.

OF the associations that throng the Christian mind on an Italian tour, none are so engrossing as those derived from scenes connected with Scripture history. Though they are but few, and upon the very verge of the field of Sacred narrative ; yet to an inhabitant of a country, whose very name has no existence in Holy Writ, but as 'the uttermost part of the earth,'¹ they present the distant gleams of a light, hitherto only apprehended by the imagination. If however they are but gleams, they are welcomed with the greater delight ; and the author wishes it were in his power to convey to the reader the tenth part of that enthusiasm, with which he surrendered himself and the objects around him, to the enchantment of such associations, as he recalled, in

¹ Acts i. 8.

the very town, Paul's sojourn of seven days at Puteoli, traced his steps along the Appia Via, marked the greeting of his Roman brethren at the Appii Forum, and the Three Taverns, and culled the remembrances of him in the Eternal City—his hired house, his prison, his judgment-seat, his place of martyrdom, his grave. And it may surely be forgiven, if all classic interest evaporated, when, under the Arch of Titus, the gorgeous procession, that bore captive Judea in triumph, seemed to move toward the Capitol; or, on the arena of the now desolate Coliseum, the mind recalled Ignatius, patiently tarrying the moment, when his life must be sacrificed to gratify the assembled myriads of Pagan Rome.

It is possible that the author may have laid himself open to a charge of credulity, in having given an apparent sanction to what may be considered the idle traditions of an interested priesthood. Many, for instance, may be inclined to reject at once the idea, that the 'hired house,' in which St. Paul resided for two years, is capable of identification, if even in existence. In respect to such or similar stories, he would not altogether shield himself under the excuse,

'I cannot tell how the truth may be,
I tell the tale as 'twas told to me,'

for he has no desire to give to an idle fiction the

colouring of truth. He would leave it for others to determine the accuracy in all cases of particular traditions ; premising that he has adopted none, but such as came within the range of possibilities. The dark cellar-looking rooms, under the church of S. Maria in Via Lata, have all the appearance of equal antiquity with the apostle's time. Nor does the fact of their being some thirty feet below the level of the Corso, militate against such an idea,—that part of Rome being proved, by daily excavations, to have been raised to that height above the level of the old city by the frequent revolutions it has undergone. This therefore renders it possible, however improbable, that they might form part of Paul's 'hired house.' But perhaps it is only a possibility. In a city like Rome, so rife with every species of lying abomination, the mind is apt to be driven to one of two extremes,—to give credit, or to withhold it, without sufficient discrimination. If the author should be considered in some instances to have leaned to the former error, he can only plead in apology the fascination of the temporary excitement.

Of the accompanying pieces, some were written in the scenes to which allusion is made, and others are the after-expression of reflections suggested to the mind at the time. Little art, it will be readily allowed, was

exercised in the composition ; as they merely formed a recreative amusement, when the spirits sought refreshment from the crowd of surrounding objects of secular interest, in the meditation of subjects of eternal moment. If some should appear to have a melancholy tinge, he can only plead, that it is chiefly in times of sorrow, that the mind turns to such resources.

The author does not expect, that either the subjects or the mode of treating them will please all tastes ; but he trusts there are those among the English and American tourists on the continent, who may find pleasure and profit in turning aside for a moment from the field of classic associations, to pluck a few exotics from Palestine. And if any should be induced to look into the volume from those feelings of momentary depression, which are not unapt to intrude upon a season of peculiar excitement, he trusts that such may find in the reading, what he found in the writing—the Solace of Song.

THE CROSS.

THE cross, the cross ! How throbs my breast,
 Whene'er its hallowed form I see,—
Pledge of a sure and glorious rest,
 To worms like me !

As on thro' stranger-lands I go,
 I hail my loved Redeemer's sign,—
The blood-stained cross ! It was His woe,
 And it is mine.

I cannot shun its gentle sway,
 Nor would I, if my soul had power ;
Whether it climb yon mountain-way,
 Or city tower.

THE CROSS.

Then tell me not of Satan's lure,—
Or man's misuse of hallowed things,—
No deed of ill, or thought impure
From the cross springs.

What though on many a mystic rite
Deep characters of shame are graven,
The cross-crowned dome directs the sight
From earth to heav'n.

What though in some lone shadowy dell,
It trace where murder's hand hath been,—
A fouler deed its symbols tell,
And mine the sin !

Then 'tis not pride forbids me bow
My knee, yon lowly group among,—
There sat to watch on Calvary's brow,
No nobler throng.

And if to one so vile be given,
Humbly to sit at Jesu's feet,
I would not wish, in earth or heav'n,
A prouder seat.

THE CROSS.

Yet, tho' a sign of love so true,
Crest of the mediatorial throne,—
It must not claim the honour due
To Christ alone.

To Him my willing vows I pay,
While here I tread the path he trod,
His cross, my solace by the way,
But not my God!

ILLUSTRATIONS,

THE DRAWINGS BY WILLIAM HARVEY, ESQ.

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THE WHOLE PRINTED BY MESSRS. VIZETELLY AND BRANSTON.

THE SOLACE OF SONG.

PERE LA CHAISE.

ALL HIS DAYS ARE SORROW, AND HIS TRAVAIL GRIEF: YEA, HIS HEART
TAKETH NOT REST IN THE NIGHT.—ECCL. II. 23.

Go from the living to the dead,
Where thronging generations spread
Their couch beneath the sky;
Tho' all around is hushed and still,
There is a voice upon the hill,
That warns—the night is nigh!

Dark in their shadow, wet with dew,
The cypress, and the branching yew,
Becloud the marble tomb;
Sorrow and Suffering here abide,
And tearful sit the grave beside,
Clothed in a ceaseless gloom.

Garlands of Honour grace the bust,
That crowns some hero's scatter'd dust,
And high his banners wave —
Yet what these trophies of his fame?
He lived—he fought—he won a name—
He lies within the grave!

Here hands have trained a fragrant bower,
And culled the brightest, choicest flower,
Now withered in its pride,
To tell of Beauty's rise and close;
How bloom'd she, as the opening rose;
How, as the rose, she died.

The classic column of the Sage
Points yet again another page
Of Death's terrific scroll;
Warns—how Man's restless mind hath wrought
All things to know, yet never sought
The science of the soul.

Each record of the mouldering dead
Of glory tells—but glory fled
On wings of vanished years—
No cheering radiance gilds the gloom—
But louring vapours o'er each tomb
Shed unavailing tears.

Then what yon *living* City's hope,
 When, having coursed its present scope,
 It must for Death prepare?
 To gain—when sounds the knell of Time—
 Slow trailing up the steep its slime,
 This den of its despair!

Was it for this the morning-light
 Shot up the ebon brow of night,
 And streaked the mountains dun,
 Bidding frail men arouse and wake,
 The spell of deadly slumber break,
 And hail the risen Sun?

They start—a moment ope the eye,
 List to the breeze that rustles by,
 And feel the heav'n-born breath;
 Then turn them to their sleep again,
 The golden gleams of morn disdain—
 They *love* the shades of death!

Enough for them the torch-light glow,
 Which Reason casts on things below,
 On meteor-joys of Sense:
 They boast to live while life remains,¹
 And dream, O fools! in death's deep chains,
 Ages of rest commence!

¹ Isaiah xxii. 13.

But who the power to Man hath given
To fashion forth a carnal heav'n,—

Or, as he may—a sleep?
Woes me! the soul its essence knows,
And dreads in death a *life* of woes;
Doomed evermore to weep.

Whate'er Man's wish—Life, life is his—
Or endless pain, or endless bliss,
Sealed by a changeless doom—
The WORD shall judge each trembling soul,
While perish, like a kindled scroll,
These records of the tomb.

' *I know that my Redeemer lives*'¹—
And gives to all, and freely gives
Life, peace, to those that will—
I know his judgment-trump shall sound,
And He—while flames the earth around,
Prove my Redeemer still!

This be my glory! Death can claim
No victory, where the Saviour's name,
In His own blood is graven—
The earth is but His couch of rest,
A garden, which the LORD hath blessed,
Where blow the gales of heav'n.

¹ One of the mottos on the gates of the cemetery.

I feel, I feel the breath of morn,
On golden wings of healing borne,
New life and vigor give :
As sinks the flesh, I death defy ;
Then only while I live, I die—
I die, that I may live !

S. ROCH.

In a recess in this church, dimly lighted by a lamp, is a sculptured representation of 'the sepulchre hewn out in the rock,' and the disciples placing in it the body of the Lord. The figures, which are as large as life, are partially shaded by the cave; and the light is so disposed, as most fully to complete the illusion. After observing it a short time, while all around is still, the imagination becomes so excited, that the figures appear to move, and you can hardly believe, that the scene before you is but the embodying of a human fancy. Such use does the Church of Rome make of the imagination of her votaries.

I HAVE TRODDEN THE WINE-PRESS ALONE.—ISA. LXIII. 3.

Go! bear Him softly to His rest,
 Since passed the battle-shock;
 The pallid brow, and pulseless breast,
 Lay in the virgin-rock.¹
 Tho' darkly yawns the rending tomb,
 The light of heav'n gilds the gloom—
 Fear not! seal firm the closed door—
 'Tis but the gate of Death—and Death is king no more!

¹ Luke xxiii. 53.

Leave Him therein—the first to dare
The mazes of that path,
Which tracked the regions of despair,
Lit by Almighty wrath—
Leave Him therein—His arm alone
Hurled Satan from his traitor-throne—
His arm alone—Omnipotent to save—
His erring sheep redeems, and bursts the portals of the
grave!

Travelling in greatness of His might,
He treads the shades of Death ;
Hell flies the glory of His light—
The blasting of His breath.
The dead from chambered couches spring,
And hail of their dread king the King ;
Amazed who thus, in robes from Bozrah died,
Tramples angelic powers in their own realm of pride!

Up ! gird thy sandalled foot, my soul !
Salute the Victor's sign !
For thee His mutter'd thunders roll—
The foes He spurns are thine !—
But ah ! how may I dare to claim,
Who shunned his toils, the Conqueror's fame,
Or tread with ready step the narrow way,
Cleared by His single arm—on to the Fount of Day !

Up! tarry not, tho' stained with sin,—
With a traitor's louring brow!
Press on! the crown of glory win!
Salvation's offered now!
Not for Himself the fight He fought—
Thou art the man!—thy weal he sought;
For thee—for thee He smote the Dragon-foe—
See, how He smiles thee on! go, track His footsteps,
go!

What tho', ingrate! thou did'st not share
The woes he could not hide;
Slept—when he bade thee watch to prayer,
And when confess—denied!
Doubt not there's pardon yet for thee;
His loving smile thy welcome be!
Drink in the light of life that beams around—
What is Death's dreary vale?—with Christ 'tis holy ground!

Lo, where He comes, Night folds his wing
And shuns the blaze of Day;
While flowers beneath his footsteps spring,
To cheer Him on his way.
Before Him desolation lies—
Behind, a fresh-blown Paradise;
And sounds of seraph-harps beguile the road,
Erst filled with shrieks of woe, that told an absent God!

Come—muse a little moment here,
Faith watches at the grave;
Bid hence all doubt, distrust, or fear,
He *can*, and He *will* save!
We tune our harps, and wait awhile;
Joy in the radiance of his smile;
Listening with holy longing till He come,
Knock at our chamber-door, and call us to our home!

S. GENEVIEVE.

THE BUST OF VOLTAIRE IN THE VAULTS BELOW.

THE WICKED SHALL BE SILENT IN DARKNESS.—1 SAM. II. 9.

Is this thine heav'n, vain boaster of an hour !
 Whose god was reason, and whose breath man's praise ?
 Could *he* not frame for thee some fitting bower,
 Or *she* new gild the future with her rays ?
 Ah ! well may earth a darksome cell provide,
 For him who wooed oblivion as a bride ;
 Who, dreading hell, without one hope of bliss,
 Chose, and bade others choose, a Paradise like this !

Silence—unchecked save by the slow dull plash,
 From off the weeping wall—or distant roar,
 As when the waves of ocean rolling dash
 Their crested foam along the sandy shore :
 Darkness—unlit save by the glimmering ray
 This furtive taper gathers from the day—
 Is this,—poor wretch ! thus swathed in ceaseless gloom,—
 The heav'n of thy choice ? 'tis not the heav'n of thy doom !

Lift high the lamp, and let the pallid light
Give a brief being to these features wan—
Fit type of Reason's beam mid Nature's night,
Which gleams, but warms not; gilds, but laughs at man!
Pale is his cheek—his brow all worn with care,
As tho' his evil thoughts still nestled there—
While his lip quivers, as it fain would pray,
But nourished hate and scorn chase words of fear away!

Art thou not happy yet? What would'st thou more,
Than the blank nothingness thy fancy framed:
Would'st thou step out upon some firm-built shore,
And hail the being now that zealots named?
Art thou not happy yet? Hath reason fled;
Hath praise no offering for the earless dead?
Hath thy breath failed thee, is thine idol gone?
O fool! who fad'st, ere fade the laurels thou hast won!

Would'st thou *now* live? Thou shalt! for life is thine
And immortality,—but life in death—
Where suns of blessing never rise to shine,
Nor gales of mercy cheer the gasping breath.
O who can batten on his Maker's ire,
Or make his bed amid devouring fire,¹
When all of sin and death, thou dared'st thy jest,
Shall spread thy couch of woe, and bless thee to thy rest!

¹ Isaiah xxxiii. 14.

Would'st thou be free? Thou shalt! yet not to mock
Thy Maker, but to writhe beneath His frown!
These prison-vaults must rend before the shock
That robs thy lord of his usurped crown!
Then shalt thou rise, who scorn'st Christ's wreath of thorn,
Rise to a dread eternity of scorn!
Bound to God's wrath—from hope of mercy free!
Than thus to be God's foe, Ah better not to be!¹

¹ Matt. xxvi. 24.

THE FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

WE MUST NEEDS DIE, AND ARE AS WATER SPILT ON THE GROUND, WHICH
CANNOT BE GATHERED UP AGAIN ; YET DOTH HE DEVISE MEANS, THAT
HIS BANISHED BE NOT EXPELLED FROM HIM.—2 SAM. xiv. 14.

NIGHT greets the parting day,
And o'er the waste his dewy mantle sheds,
While FONTAINEBLEAU her wings of forest spreads,
As tho' to block our way ;
Then opes a path—and bids each tow'ring crest,
Nod a rude welcome to her shadowy breast.

Lo ! 'neath the brow of night,
Innumerable trunks in deepest shade,
Like giant-hosts in battle-field arrayed,
Pass swiftly from our sight ;
While each to heav'n his leafy frontlet rears,
And sways his lordly boughs, and tells of other years.

Who may their green depths sound ?
Save where, 'mid thronging stems, rude walls of rock
Grey glimmer, relics of an earthquake's shock,
In strength of iron bound ;
While hoary oaks, in scorn of human prime,
Vaunt how their inert being triumphs over Time !

They live from age to age,
Waving their green boughs o'er the sons of earth,
As, at their feet, we sport us from our birth,
Till blotted from life's page !
They watch us come and go—nor cease to bloom
O'er generations swept into the tomb !

The lordly sun in vain
Pours his bright flood upon the verdant sea ;
They bid him back, nor give him entrance free
Within their shadowy reign ;
And, as the seasons haste their wings unfold,
Take a new lease of Time, and pay their leaves of gold.

Nor moves their giant form,
Far-stretching, 'neath the soft and gentle breeze
Of Man's delights, nor yet when 'mong the trees
Sweeps Passion's storm—
To them alike—they mark him smile or sigh,
Live, laugh, and frolic—sicken, moan, and die !

Amid the roar they stood
Of elemental rage, while heaved the breast
Of nations with the spirit of unrest,
Which drank a monarch's blood—
Reckless, who climbs Ambition's summit now—
They mark ; nor bend the knee, nor shake the hoary brow.

Shall *they* thus live—and *we*
Their lords,—who wield the axe, and at a blow
Could fearless lay their leafy honours low—
Must die—It cannot be !
We were not made for Time, nor brook to yield
Of length of life the palm, to lordlings of the field !

What tho' they shake their locks
From year to year in green or golden prime,
Weaving a summer-wreath for hoary Time,
Despite the tempest's shocks—
His doom is fixed, and *they* must flit and fail ;
While *we*, in changeless youth, a life immortal hail !

Thus, as we wend our way,
Let them not point at us, and laugh to view
Each airy bubble, with a gilded hue,
Fill up our little day—
While Heav'n invites, disport with things of earth,
And yield to forest-trees the glory of our birth !

Shall *we* debase our love—
Heirs to an immortality of light;
While *they*, who children are of earth and night,
Raise their green boughs above?
O no! we lift our gaze to an eternal clime,
And, tearless, leave to them their heritage of Time!

LYONS.

O LYONS! nurtured by thy double tide,¹
 Which spreads its arms with mother's tenderness,
 And clasps its hands below in fond embrace,
 Bearing the wealth of kingdoms to thy side—
 What ail'st thee, that thou, restless, scorn'st abide
 In thy rich lot, but, like an o'er-fed steed,
 Champing the curb, wilt not abase thy pride,
 And follow, where the steps of wisdom lead?
 Art thou not free? or do the distant Alps
 Hem in thy boundings by their frozen scalps?
 Go! learn that Freedom loves those walls surround,
 Where men unite in mutual service bound;
 Then, then the murmur of thy thousand looms shall be
 Of Liberty the song—OBEY, AND THOU ART FREE!

¹ The Rhone and the Saone.

TOULON.

THE SABBATH.

WHAT EVIL THING IS THIS THAT YE DO, AND PROFANE THE SABBATH DAY.

NEH. XIII. 17.

THERE is *no* Sabbath here !
 What tho' the day shine clear,
 No wintry tempests blow
 With breath of gelid snow,
 But ever-smiling Spring
 Her golden odours fling,
 And bright in every eye
 Beam life and gaiety,
 And song and laugh abound—
 I tread unhallowed ground,
 —There is *no* Sabbath here !

Amid the crowded throng,
 Which pours its flood along,
 I seek some Sabbath-sign,
 Raised to the day divine :
 None heed their Lord's behest—
 None know His day of rest !

The seller tends his sale,
His treasures loud proclaims,
Their several worth and names,
Nor cares the day to hail!
Here sounds incongruous come—
The trump and rolling drum;
While marching lines sweep by
In figured panoply.
Here, in the crowded street,
Maskers their fellows meet;
In gaudy colours dight,
With footsteps quick and light,
They trace, with jocund sound,
Pleasure's seductive round,
Nor think, that God's broad eye
Views them, as sweeping by.
Yet, 'tis the Lord's command,—
Hallow throughout the land

The day so dear—
Is this the rest decreed,
In thought, or word, or deed?
—There is *no* Sabbath here!

What sounds their echoes raise
Upon the balmy air?
It is the song of praise,—
It is the voice of prayer!

Rich, thro' the vaulted nave,
Like an o'erwhelming wave—
While bends the lowly knee—
Rolls the full harmony!
Yet ah! the Saviour's name
Yields to mere human fame,
And saints, as gods are owned,
In rivalry enthroned!
Where'er I turn mine eye,
Man's image flutters by,
Yielding the hallowed day
To worms of dust and clay!
He is the God! frail man,
The creature of a span!
Now pictured on the wall—
Now carved the courts among;
The object of their call—
The object of their song.
O might the Saviour rise!
Plead for His sacrifice;
Drive from each columned aisle,
The forms that dare defile;
And his loved house restore;
A robber's den no more!

Jesus! I turn to Thee;
Thou art the Sabbath's Lord;

And tho' man wise would be,¹

Thy name shall be adored.
The sun that shines so bright
Shall quench his glorious light ;
This gay, this laughing world,
Shall be to ruin hurled ;
And Thou, and Thou alone
As the God-man be known !
Then come, Thy grace impart,
Thy temple be my heart :
Dispel the shades of night,
And fill me with thy light—
Thus Faith and Hope shall spring
Upward with joyous wing,
And Peace and Love appear ;
Nor Evil venture near,
To break that holy rest,
The inmate of my breast.

My chamber-walls shall be,
Tho' in a foreign land,
The mansion of His hand—

Another Bethany !
The hum of waking life—
Yon clear blue sky above—
E'en the world's busy strife—
Shall whisper only LOVE !

¹ Job xi. 12.

Thus, thus my rest I keep,
In holy meditation
On the full, sealed salvation,
Wrought for His covenant-sheep;
And, near His pastoral wand,
Feed from His open hand,
Beside the cooling rill,
So calm, so bright, so still!
What tho' the world around,
With gay, but ruffled breast,
Caught by each sight and sound,
Aye mock his day of rest—
I mark His presence nigh,
And lift a joyous eye—
I list His soothing voice,
Bidding the heart rejoice—
I feel His Spirit's power
Hallow the lonely hour,
My sinking soul to cheer—
—There *is* a Sabbath here!





ELBA.

ELBA.

HE SHALL COME AS AN EAGLE.—HOSEA VIII. 1.

AMID the billows sweeping,
 We pass, with speed of light,
 The iron islet sleeping
 Calm, 'neath the gloom of night :
 Tho' gone its summer glory,
 And deep its treasures lie—
 It has a charm in story,
 To fix the wand'rer's eye.

Lone, on the midland water,
 The king of birds they bore ;
 Where he his thirst for slaughter
 Might quench with blood no more !
 They clipt his sweeping feather—
 They loos'd him on the sand ;
 And bade him roam the heather,
 And rule the iron land.

Vain now each glittering pinion—
Vain now his heart of pride—
Bound in that scant dominion
For ever to abide :
Yet, in that bitter hour,
They left his plumed crest—
His lordly glance of power—
His spirit of unrest.

But who may bound the ocean,
Within a mortal's hand,
Or curb its heaving motion
By cords of woven sand ?
Tho' for a time its thunder
Seem silent as the grave—
It bursts its bands asunder,
And rolls its stormy wave.

His mighty youth renewing,
He roamed the islet free ;
Then paused—his keen eye viewing
The wide and wasteful sea.
There's danger in that vision—
I see his wings unfurled ;
He hath a mighty mission—
Blood for a guilty world !

Woe to the dawning morrow !
A sound is in the air—
The cry of coming sorrow—
The moanings of despair.
I heard; on breezes sailing
Adown the northern tide,
The voice of nations wailing
The death of those who died !

He stooped his mighty pinion,
Where myriads thronged the plain ;
And claimed his old dominion,
To batten on the slain—
Gorged with the blood, they found him,
Where fell the good and brave—
They stripp'd his plumes, and bound him
Far on the Atlantic wave.

Who sent him forth for slaughter,
And nerv'd him for his prey ?
Who gave him blood as water,
Then checked his vengeful way ?
While he his own arm trusted,
GOD WROUGHT HIS PURPOSE HIGH—
Then, as a sword-blade rusted,
Flung him dishonoured by !

THE PALATINE.

TO ——— .

WHILE 'mid the wreck of palaces I stand,
 Crush'd 'neath the weight of Time's remorseless hand,
 I cast a look beyond the sounding sea,
 And turn for Christian fellowship to thee!
 I know thy longings breathe another clime,
 Where Hope eternal triumphs over Time;
 Yet e'en a soul, intent on heav'nly bliss,
 May muse awhile o'er such a scene as this;
 A moment from the sun avert the brow,
 To mark his radiance on the things below!
 Here may'st thou read—the crumbling arch beside—
 How vain man's boast; his passion, and his pride—
 Here may'st thou note, in characters of earth,
 How worthless human estimates of worth—
 Here trace the wrath of a sin-hating God,
 In the swoln wheals of his avenging rod—
 Weep for a world, that weeps not for her own,
 For those that pray not, plead before the throne;

Thus own the Lord, and joy to think Him thine—
—Come, tread with me the ruined PALATINE!

Lo ! on this mount ROME heaped, with wanton hand,
The haughty trophies of her wide command ;
Sheathed her red sword, and crowned a glorious peace,
With Egypt's wonders, and the spoils of Greece,
Concent'ring here all lures of sight and sense—
The gleanings of a world's magnificence.
Let Fancy weave her web, each charm restore,
And Rome arise, the Queen of Earth once more—
Wake, with her touch, 'mid ever-blooming bowers,
Halls, grottos, temples, porticos, and towers,
Each stone of strength restored, each mould'ring urn—
While fountains play, and fires ambrosial burn.
Lo ! NERO now ascends the imperial throne,
And prostrate worlds his broad dominion own.
Ask what *he ought to be*—to rule, as man,
Frail men, himself the creature of a span ?
Servant of God, he ought from God to draw
The spirit, tone, and vigour of his law—
Wisdom—to balance nice the scales of power—
Patience—to bear the scoffings of an hour—
Justice—to deal to each his rightful claim—
Truth—to make deeds the measure of a name—
Meekness of mercy beaming in his eye,
His ear attentive to the suppliant's cry—

Slow to avenge—as eager to forgive,
His bowels yearning, 'Let the sinner live ;'
The measure past—his righteous sword awoke—
Swift to avenge, with an unerring stroke—
His private wrongs unheeded, but the weal
Of those he governs sharpening the steel—
In all things type of Him, who reigns above,
He ought to be—all righteousness, all love !

Ask *what he is* ?—a despot and a fool !
At once his people's terror and their tool !
No law to guide him but his own rude will,
Prone, as it prompts, to fondle, or to kill—
Justice, and truth, and mercy cast aside,
Or chained, the slaves of selfishness and pride :
Glutted with good, each novel plan he hails,
Refining pleasure till invention fails :
Though wealth of worlds, which 'fore him lavish lie,
Provokes the want it knows not to supply,
Of pleasure sick, for pleasure pining still,
He lives the minion of his pampered will ;
With the same hand wreathes Rome in one wide flame
And, drunk with folly, sounds abroad his shame ;
While, heaping slander on the sons of God,
He quaffs new pleasure in their boiling blood.
Yet, such the man, before whose judgment-seat
Paul spreads his cause, and asks the measure meet !

Justice he seeks—the laws, which all men own,
He claims as his, yet justice finds he none !
His brethren hate him, and they thirst his blood,
Their only charge—his labours for their good.
He will not yield in the unequal fight,
But pleads a Roman, and a Roman's right ;
And, ere his blood bedews their murderous hands,
Appeals to Cæsar, and 'fore Cæsar stands.
O how debased the earth, when brutal Sense
Dethrones pure Justice, and commands her hence—
Condemns her, as a wretch whom all disown,
To fly for refuge to a Nero's throne !

Thus stands the prisoner—not with lofty look,
As wronged, determined wrongs he will not brook—
On higher thoughts he rests his stedfast mind ;
Meek, but undaunted ; firm, and yet resigned.
He trusts an arm that can injustice stay,
And bound the measure of the evil day ;
Admits the power, that dooms him live or die,
Then only power, when ratified on high ;¹
Trusting *His* word, who stays the feeble knee,
That as his trial, such his strength shall be.
Thus, unappalled, he takes the heav'n-wrought shield,
Nor dares betray his Master's cause, nor yield.

¹ John xix. 11.

And yet could Power dismay him—here he stood
Poor slave ! alone against a multitude ;
Rank, Wealth, and Wisdom, with the sword-blade drawn —
And he—all weakness—object of their scorn ;
How, as a worm, might they their victim slay
Without a hand or voice lift up to stay !
Yet fears he not to uphold the Eternal Word,
In face of myriad gods by them adored.
Could *Pleasure* move him, and the *Pomp* of pride
From his stern purpose lure his heart aside—
Here were enough the ravished sense to awe,
And, from its fealty sworn, the mind withdraw :
Clouds, wafted rich from eastern regions, roll
Their subtle poisons o'er the unwary soul—
Forms, breathing beauty from the sculptured stone,
Tempt to believe them gods, who gods are none ;
Charm the rapt sense, the conscience overpower,
Shake the resolve of ages in an hour ;
And, 'neath the influence of a syren-spell,
Yield Heaven's best blessings to the hosts of Hell !
But lures of sin, and human terror fail ;
Paul knows the strength that can alone prevail ;
Turns from insensate clay, to Him, whose might
His weak child aids, with angel-arm, to fight ;
Who foiled the Fiend, when, tempting, he unfurled
The lavish glories of a glorious world.

Mark thus the man ! the halls of gems and gold,
And sculptured gods, he deigns not to behold ;
Armed is his spirit 'gainst the alluring wile,
The waving incense, and the syren smile—
Or, if a graven image catch his view,
In beauty spotless, and in youth's bright hue,
Far other feelings prompt that bosom's swell,
He notes on human grace the stamp of hell ;
Abhors the sin, that worships false as true,
And gives the creature the Creator's due !
Thus, unprotected, in his weakness strong,
He stands, unmoved amid the countless throng,
Whose boundless powers in willing service wait
On that one principle, their boundless hate ;
Who, blind in error, and yet proud as blind,
Presume to teach, as well as rule, mankind ;
Who yield their glory to the idol-train,
Nor bear, who shall pronounce that glory vain ;
Hurrying, with zeal, the rebel to his doom
Who holds as nought the myriad-gods of Rome.
Yet see the man ! his vision heav'nward bent,
He waits to hear his Master's kind intent ;
For *kind* he knows it—whether life be his,
Or death transport him to the throne of bliss !
One thought alone disturbs—that none should stand
Their Lord to own, and lift the aiding hand ;
That, 'mid the sea of scornful glances there,
No eye to eye returned a brother's prayer.

Where was the throng that came his steps to meet,
And kiss his hands, and lave his fettered feet,
Whom toil, shame, danger had no power to stay,
While they joined converse on the Appian way?
And where the flock, foregathered by his Lord,
Lured by the rich provision of the word,
That sought the strength divine, nor feared a foe,
Joyed in his joy, and sorrowed in his woe?
From the mute child, to age's hoary head,
The Fiend hath scattered them, and they are fled.
Not one is near, in his extreme distress,
To whisper peace, or lift the hand to bless:
Tho' Hell and Earth their hosts array, to awe,
In stern exaction of their broken law,—
The taunt—the threat—the torture—and the death,
Urged with the fierceness of Hate's blasting breath,
In every form that malice may appear,—
No breath of comfort meets his wakeful ear.
Not for *himself*—for *them* his heart is torn,
Who claim Christ's name, yet dread his crown of thorn;¹
Jealous of his Lord's glory, who again
In His disciples' cowardice is slain.
No arm of flesh he needs—no frail defence—
He cannot want who hath Omnipotence;
And cursed are they, who wield a carnal sword,
When armed to wage the battle of the Lord!

¹ 2 Tim. iv. 16.

Now play the man ! uphold thy Master's cause !
 Show forth His glory ! vindicate His laws !
 Heed not their faces, lest thy Lord condemn !
 Heed not their faces, for they are but men !
 Whose shield is God, a brazen wall shall stand
 'Gainst ' kings, priests, princes, people of the land !'¹

Thus, with bowed head, tho' deigning not to sue,—
 Yielding the honour where the honour's due,—
 Humble, yet firm—as in his Master's sight,
 Paul tells his tale, in consciousness of right.
 No arms of human skill he cares to wield,
 The Truth his weapon, and the Lord his shield.
 His words, like spring-waves of a river, roll,
 Swell on the ear, and bear away the soul.
 He had not sought, he pleads, the imperial throne,
 Had his own land the meed of justice shown ;
 His people's act, not his, had driven him thence,
 At Cæsar's bar to urge his innocence ;
 Nor would he, charging them, his cause commend—
 Not to arraign he stood—but to defend.
 Yet what his crime ? let those, who sought his blood,
 One act denounce which tended not their good.
 Well could he challenge all that eager throng,
 Who gnashed their teeth, and made his woes their song—

¹ Jer. i. 18.² Acts xxviii. 19.

To dare affirm one charge of sin or shame,
And fix it, as a plague-spot, to his name !
He stood from all men free—nor wish, nor thought,
Nor deed of cloaked or open wrong had wrought.
If sin it was to own the laws, and live
In peace beneath the sheltering shade they give ;
To monish all, obedience to their kings,
Pointing the fountain whence obedience springs—
If sin it was—the wrongs of men to bear,
Yet in the hour of retribution spare ;
Tho' poor, to clothe the naked, and to feed
The hungry, with the fulness of their need ;
To cheer the destitute, themselves forlorn,
Content to wear their master's crown of thorn ;
To joy in sorrow—when reviled, to bless,
Eager to work their nation's happiness—
If this be sin—then let the arm of power
Wreak its full vengeance in destruction's hour.
There were, who might, if so they willed, declare,¹
His life, a life of holiness and prayer ;
Most strict, religion's humblest rite t' observe—
Most stern, lest men from Wisdom's ways should swerve—
Most harsh, to scourge contemners with the rod—
Most zealous for the glory of his God—
Nay, fiercely stirred in honour of their cause,
Their claim of heritage—their heav'n-sent laws,

¹ Acts xxvi. 5.

He deemed impostor Him he now adored,
And chased to death who owned Messiah Lord !
Not *that* his crime—for *this* his doom they wrought ;
He preached the Saviour whom their fathers sought ;
He bade them gaze where shines the Light of day ;
Joy in His warmth, and hail Him on His way ;
Their scorn repress—Messiah's tokens own,
His name a name of strength—and His alone.

Then, lightly touching on the wondrous theme,
How Jesus met him in the noon-tide beam,
On his blind path of persecution broke,
And made th' oppressor take his victim's yoke ;
While to the dust He smote the heart of pride,
And shewed Messiah in the crucified,
Bidding proclaim him to his latest breath—
He yields his Judge the doom of life and death ;
And, as he gazes round the thronging halls,
Where idol-trophies grace the marble walls,
The scenes of judgment rush upon his mind,—
He burns to rescue from a course so blind ;
Forgets his wrongs, forgets the dangers nigh,
The tear of pity floating in his eye ;
All past vanished, as a troubled dream,
He pleads for JESUS, rising with his theme :
' Are these the gods,' he cries—the accents rung,
And the high halls re-echoed to his tongue—

‘ Are these the gods, thro’ whom ye fondly trust,
‘ Your souls shall live, when mouldering in the dust !
‘ O give your reason sway, and learn how vain
‘ All hope in things the very worms disdain !
‘ What is yon idol on its radiant throne,
‘ Decked in its robes of glory,—but a stone,
‘ From ribs of mountains wrought, in human mould ;
‘ *Beauteous* as marble, but as marble *cold* ;
‘ Which owes all being to the sculptor’s knife,
‘ And knows not *death*, because it knows not *life* ?
‘ Call on its name—bespeak it foul or fair,
‘ It cannot heed your curse, or hear your prayer ;
‘ Nor that frail arm, all graceful though its form,
‘ Bear back your foes, or charm a threat’ned storm.
‘ It hath nor eye, nor ear, nor taste, nor smell,
‘ But stands, the minion of a demon’s spell !
‘ How may the feeble hand of feeble man,
‘ Which withers, ere Time bounds his life’s poor span,
‘ Ordain the stone eternity and power,
‘ Or one fond claim beyond the present hour !
‘ The gods !—they are *no* gods, and must decay—
‘ If gods, their godhead centres in their clay !
‘ Then scorn such fancied rule, nor fond entrust
‘ Your souls to dreams of air, or forms of dust !
‘ A God you need—but not a god of stone,—
‘ Whom death, time, chance, eternity shall own—
‘ Whose sovereign power is wielded from above,
‘ Nor knows an equal save His sovereign love ;

- ‘ And such there lives, whose lauds the heav’ns ring,
‘ Of gods the God—of kings the only King!
‘ He formed the world, and all that it contains,
‘ And needs no service, for His hand sustains—
‘ By him you live, and at his feet you die,
‘ Mere tenants of a frail humanity,—
‘ Who marks your actions, probes your hearts, and knows
‘ Each throb rebellious, till life’s seasons close.
‘ Ask ye, on what He founds his rightful claim?
‘ He made you His—and JEALOUS is His name!
‘ In serving these, ye do His sceptre wrong;
‘ And He will punish, for His arm is strong.
‘ But ere he hurls his bolts, and dooms the soul
‘ To realms where fiery floods of torment roll,
‘ He bids you turn, and seek a Father’s face,
‘ Your act, repentance—and your plea, his grace—
‘ A way of access opened to his throne,
‘ The God-man Christ—His true, His only Son,
‘ Who wrought our pardon, sealed it by His blood,
‘ And where the sinner stands, a victim stood—
‘ Who died, that we might live,—who lives, to slay
‘ Sin and his brood, and stretch his boundless sway.
- ‘ But if ye *will* not turn—the time shall come
‘ When He will rise to scourge rebellious Rome;
‘ To change your boasted glory into shame,
‘ Your wisdom, folly—and your strength, a name.

‘ Then shall these stocks and stones, at whose feigned
 shrine,
‘ Ye pay your homage daringly divine,
‘ When forth He springs to desolate the earth,
‘ Commingle with the dust which gave them birth;
‘ And this unholy mount, where men dare lift,
‘ To taunt the Giver, his own hallowed gift—
‘ Which rears, in face of heav’n, its grassy breast,
‘ Gemmed with the nations’ spoils,—to it unblest,
‘ Shall, mould’ring ’neath the bright and genial sky,
‘ A waste of death and desolation lie;
‘ Choked by each shattered wall, or prostrate stone,
‘ Which erst sustained an idol or a throne:
‘ While Earth, o’er spoils of men, as tho’ in scorn,
‘ Again shall claim her heritage of thorn!
‘ Then Man shall vainly seek, as speeds the year,
‘ The soil to nurse—the palaced-fane to rear—
‘ As on he moves, destruction tracks behind,
‘ And gives his labour piece-meal to the wind;
‘ Till wrecks on wrecks, on ruins, ruins lie,
‘ Blending all ages ’neath the changeless sky;
‘ Fit sport for busy Time, where none may save—
‘ And the child moulders o’er its mother’s grave.
‘ No sounds of woe or busy mirth obtrude,
‘ To wake the ear of the hushed solitude—
‘ The fox unscared amid its wilds may roam—
‘ The owlet find a shelter and a home—

‘ The timid lizard drag its trail, and skim
 ‘ With fearless tread, the idol’s broken limb—
 ‘ And he, who, musing, rests him in that hour,
 ‘ To moralize on wrecks of human power,
 ‘ Shall, haply, thus his parable unfold :
 “ Where now the gods ? where now their shrines of gold ?
 “ Where now the votaries on their festive way,
 “ The noise of viols, and the victor’s lay ? ¹
 “ Where the proud sceptre on these stones enthroned,
 “ Whose iron rule a thousand nations owned ?
 “ Hushed are all sounds, all pomp to ruin hurled—
 “ Waste, what once shone the glory of the world !
 “ Lo ! the rude herbs in very rankness dare
 “ The monarch’s throne—the hallowed altar share,
 “ Spread thro’ each hall, upspring the fanes beside,
 “ Laugh at Rome’s fate, and revel o’er her pride !”
 ‘ Thus may he read upon her crumbling wall,
 ‘ How vain her rise—how deep her fore-doomed fall !
 ‘ While Time inscribes this truth upon her shame—
 THERE IS NO GOD BUT GOD, AND JEALOUS IS HIS
 NAME !’

Bold act ! to dare withstand Earth’s power alone,
 And beard the Cæsar on the Cæsar’s throne !
 Tho’ bound in iron bonds—the scorn of men,
 To wrestle with Rome’s lion in his den ! ²

¹ Isaiah xiv. 11.

² 2 Tim. iv. 17.

Yet ONE stood by, unmarked by mortal sight,
Who bade the sons of clay respect the right ;
Who hushed to calm the thronged tumultuous crowd,
The low exalting, bowing down the proud !
Paul knew his source of strength, and largely drew
Supplies of succour from the source he knew :
Nor shunned the fight upon the battle-field,
His sword the word,—the love of Christ his shield.
Conscious, that He, who stilled the ocean's strife,
The sick restored, and raised the dead to life,
From every evil word and work would save,
And plant His child in realms beyond the grave !¹
O, what a Master then do we obey !
His grace proportion'd to the evil day ;
All love in store, to soothe his children's woe ;
All power, to save them from their dragon-foe.
Who would not trust Him, as He stands to fight
Hell's legions, in his sole o'erwhelming might ?
Who would not love a Brother and a Friend,
Who, loving sinners, loves them to the end ;
Seals them as His, and saves, tho' Satan swell,
And Earth, resisting, league with Death and Hell !

Come, let us hence—another day is gone,
Sinks to his slumbers the unclouded sun ;

¹ 2 Tim. iv. 18.

While o'er the hundred ruins sweetly play
The last soft tinges of his parting ray,
Pointing this moral from the burning West ;
How swift our day ! how near our night of rest !
'Tis something thus to tread where Paul once trod
And fought the fight of holiness and God ;
To hear the voice of twice ten centuries roll,
Its dying murmurs o'er the excited soul,
Sounding the knell of Earth's supremest Fame,
Wealth, Wisdom, Glory—fall'n, without a name !
How gloomily, beneath the setting ray,
Yon mighty masses slowly fade away !
Well they attest, how vain all human pride,
To rear a bulwark 'gainst Time's boundless tide.
Well they attest, how fire and wasting sword
Can work their work, obedient to the Word.
In these rude wrecks behold the realms inurned,
The Tempter proffered, and his Master spurned !
They stand and glower, like spectres, o'er the scene ;
'Tis all of Rome, to tell what Rome hath been !
When o'er her domes dark low' red the evil day,
She had no arm her walls of strength to stay ;
She sought not Christ, nor would his presence know,
She had no SAVIOUR in her hour of woe !
Nor, when the sword of vengeance dug her grave,
Would He stand forth to succour or to save !
Then blest who know the Lord their Saviour still,
Take, as from Him, their lot of good or ill !

Better with Paul, tho' sore beset, to wage,
A ceaseless war, and dare Satanic rage,
Than, rich in glory, mount a Cæsar's throne,
No trust beyond the misnamed gods of stone ;
For well we know, we must with Jesus share,
His nights of watching, and his days of prayer ;
Walk in His steps, and list His voice of love,
Mourn with Him here—to reign with Him above !

PALAZZO SPADA.

THE STATUE OF POMPEY.

SONNET.

WHAT, though he sought the crown? Was it a crime,
If he, who wore the wreath, with many a gem
Of kingly virtues decked, in vigour's prime,
Lusted the glitter of a diadem?
What matter, if the fruit from honour's stem
Be gold or russet, so it grace just power!
In him to seek a crown was folly—but in them—
The lowly-born, or nurst in pleasure's bower—
Far greater, to prefer the empty dower
Of the so-called liberty their fathers owned,—
Aye varying with the passion of the hour,—
To that of mind with majesty enthroned!
Yet such the crime—and such the guerdon meet—
Slain by a brother's hand, low at his rival's feet.

THE ARCH OF TITUS.

THOSE THAT BE NEAR, AND THOSE THAT BE FAR FROM THEE, SHALL
MOCK THEE, WHICH ART INFAMOUS AND MUCH VEXED.—EZEK. XXII. 5.

O TIME ! whose wintry hand
Hath spared nor columned fane, nor sculptured stone,
But all that flourished erst of Rome, hath strewn
Like leaves upon the sand,—
Had'st thou no heart to pity Israel's woe,
And in the victor's dust lay his poor captive low ?

How did each marble fane,
Upreared to demons, deprecate thy scythe,
And, like a heel-crush'd snake, convulsive writhe,
But writhe in vain !
Thou did'st thine office—and they prostrate lie,
Or raise their broken crests to flaunt the evening sky.



THE ARCH OF TITUS.

Suppliant they prayed to stand,
As erst they stood, when Rome was in her pride ;
The trophies of her glory at her side,
Her sceptre in her hand—
But thou to dogs the spoils of worlds hast thrown,
And mock'st man's search to know, where nothing can be
known !

While this proud arch, that rears
Its well-formed limbs in pristine loveliness,
Thou spar'st, amid the marble wilderness,
To point at Judah's tears,
And mock her fettered form, slow sweeping by,
With veiled horn of pride beneath the conqueror's eye.

The streams of ages flow,
And still the victor-train in stately march,
With prancing coursers, threads the marble arch,
And still the captives go,
Bearing on high the seven-branched lamp divine,
And all that Zion graced—the joy of PALESTINE.

Where is the hand that sealed
Death to the king on Babel's blazing wall,
When with the sacred spoils he graced his hall,
His insolence his shield,
And met the judge ?—yet thou, presumptuous Rome !
Hast wrought Belshazzar's sin without Belshazzar's doom.

Doth God then cease to care,
Tho' men the temple of His love profane,
Weighing His precious things as worldly gain,—
And, in their madness, dare
Go where, 'mid cherubs veiled, He deigns abide;
Entering unscathed that hall, where erst who entered died ?

Hath He the earth forsworn,
And left his straying flock their way to go,
Themselves to please, where pleasure is but woe ;
Objects of Satan's scorn—
Reckless, tho' heathens tread His glory down,
Play with His slumbering bolt, and bask beneath His
frown ?

Alas ! 'twas Israel's crime !
Most loved, she would not love, nor care to own
Him service, yielding it to gods of stone
Of every name and clime—
Till jealous Justice might no longer wait—
Boundless the love she spurned, and terrible her fate !

I see her wend along
This stone-paved way, the arch beneath, which stands
I' th' eye of the great Capitol, with lifted hands
To supplicate the throng :

Who scourge her spirit with her Father's rod,
And hurl the stunning taunt: 'Where now thy country's
God!' ¹

No arm, no arm appeared
To loose her bonds, or deal the wished-for blow;
She lives—but lives in bitterness of woe,
Blasted and seared—
While years sweep on, and empires bloom and fade,
Still, still she ceaseless weeps beneath yon palmtree's shade!

She *was* a pleasant child,²
And love filled high her cup of happiness,
Bidding the nations look how love could bless!
Till, wretched and defiled,
She tore and trampled down her bridal-wreath,
And, flushed with demon-lust, wrought out her wage of
death.

Then gaze upon her shame,
But gaze and weep—so loved, now so forlorn;
On earth wide scattered as a thing of scorn,
A proverb and a name;
Her brow deep marked, in characters of fire,
To warn frail man—His love the measure of His ire!

¹ Micah vii. 10.

² Jer. xxxi. 20.

Gaze on her shame, and fear !
 For if His own He spared not, in the hour
 When Grace, and Love, and Mercy were the dower ;
 While to His heart most dear
 The covenant-seal and oath to the favor'd three,
 The fathers of His bride—beware ! he spares not thee !¹

The leaves, the leaves are cast,
 And dry the stock, and shattered by the storm—
 Yet think not that in vain that withered form
 Survived thro' ages past !
 As a scathed oak, whose broken trunk, and bare,
 The axe disdains, its substance still is there.²

Shook is the olive now,
 And full and bloody hath the vintage been—
 What else but wrath, when that the seed is sin !
 Yet on the topmost bough
 And 'mid the desolate stems some fruit appears,
 That gives a gleam of hope, and tells of better years.³

Israel is Israel still !
 Beloved, tho' chastened—cherished, tho' distrest !
 Yet once again she blooms at His behest,
 As on a fruitful hill,
 With grace rich teeming, and with glory deckt—
 —O Thou ! fall'n Salem's God ! arise for thine elect !

¹ Rom. xi. 21.² Isa. vi. 13.³ Isa. xvii. 6.

THE SKY OF ROME.

THE SKY—WHICH IS AS A MOLTEN LOOKING-GLASS.—JOB XXXVII. 18.

 OER gilded dome and lofty tower,
 How burns yon living blue!
 Fit canopy for Eden's bower,
 When human hearts were true!
 On such they gazed—the unfallen pair—
 Watching the signs of advent there,
 Till wide the heav'n its golden portals spread,
Strewing a spangled path for their dear Master's tread.

 On such they gazed, 'mid clustering trees
 Fired by the western sun;
 Nor mourned, as rose the murmuring breeze,
 The cool of evening won—
 Angels, on silvery pinions bright,
 Came soaring from th' abodes of light,
 From sprites of ill to guard fair Eden's bound,
And bid, with touch of fire, their seraph-strains resound.

On such they gazed—while the full breast
Poured forth its lay of love;
Restless, tho' in their place of rest,
To mark His signs above:
They gazed—till HE revealed to view
His glory, 'mid the yielding blue,
With them to walk and muse, 'mong Eden's trees,
While Nature poured her sweets, all floating on the breeze.

'Neath such they slept—nor guilt nor care
Pollution breathed around;
Pure as the waftings of the air,
The dew-drops of the ground:
Dreams of their Friend the night beguiled,
They heard His voice—they heard, and smiled;
Nor thought, nor touch of ill dared enter in—
How could they deem there lurked so rude a thing as sin!

But, ah! since Guilt hath veiled Man's eye,
And forced him cease to love,
Why veiled it not the crystal sky,
As it barred the gates above?
Why gleams so bright yon azure blue,
O'er brows rebellious, hearts untrue,
Spreading a starry pavement, as of old,
Without a cloud to dim its streaks of glowing gold?

'Twere meeter far some dark-winged storm
 Should shroud the desert-air,
 Nor other glory deck its form,
 Than sheeted lightnings' glare :
 'Twere meeter far, where guilt hath power,
 The frown of Godhead aye should lower,
 Nor glittering stars, nor joyous sun appear,
 To glad the night of sin, or rule the weeping year.

'Twere meeter far, the sickly blue,
 Where frost-nipt suns appear,¹
 Should spread its robe of pallid hue,
 O'er regions dry and sear—
 Fit covering for the blasted tread
 Of spirits of the outcast dead,
 Gliding to warn fall'n man, from realms of gloom,
 How just the wage of sin—how meet that place of doom !

Strange thought ! Is not the victory won ?
 Is not the lost restored ?
 Have not the Heav'ns their risen Sun ?
 Hath not the Earth her Lord ?
 Shall muttering thunders never cease,
 Nor peace attend the Prince of peace ?
 Joy to the world ! e'en now with smiles I view
 My Maker's look of love light up yon living blue !

¹ As frost-nipt suns look sadly.—HERBERT.

Faith dares the omen hail—
The reign of sin is gone!
Since Christ hath died, O what can veil
The glories He hath won!
O'er Eden lost, lo ! other Edens bloom,
And life immortal tramples on the tomb :
We raise the eye to our celestial home,
And hail, with throb of hope, the deep blue sky of ROME !

S. MARIA SOPRA MINERVA.

THE STATUE OF CHRIST BY MICHAEL ANGELO.

**THE DAY OF VENGEANCE IS IN MY HEART, AND THE YEAR OF MY
REDEEMED IS COME.—ISAIAH LXIII. 4.**

**WHY that appalling frown,
Beneath the thorny crown,
That eye of wrath, and stern, averted brow ?
Is not the covenant made ?
Is not the altar laid ?
Say, is that covenant-pledge forgotten now ?**

**O doth He bend below
An universe of woe :
From His dread sacrifice impatient shrink ?
The deadly brimming bowl,
Mixed for my hell-doomed soul,
Doth He refuse, in this his hour, to drink ?**

Is it his people's hate,
Which knows not to abate,
That kindles flames and hot rebukes of fire?
Do heathen words of scorn,
Cast on the Man forlorn,
Quenchless, unmitigated wrath inspire?

Here in this world of woe,
Will He indeed forego
His fore-doomed work, my soul to seek and save,
Hurl back the assumed tree—
In act of victory,
Forbear to thread the mazes of the grave?

O think not, Lord, on us,
Whilst thou dost suffer thus;
Heed not the word of a poor, powerless worm!
If Thou but wave thine hand,
Waste is the peopled land,
Like chaff, dispersed before the fitful storm.

Look on thy covenant-seal,
And with thy children deal,
Tho' wayward, by the greatness of thy name!
The Gentile and the Jew,
' They know not what they do,'
Work out Thy work! let not Thine anger flame!

Yet hush the hasty thought,
Which hath unjustly wrought
'Gainst Him, who is my own, my loving Lord;
O no!—how can it be,
That He from pain should flee,
And o'er his chosen wave the vengeful sword!

Vain fear! that wrathful eye
Proclaims the Tempter nigh,
That brow is bent upon his hateful power—
The lip of stern reproof
Bids Satan stand aloof,
Nor heap temptation on the o'erladen hour.

'Neath that dread frown I view,
Love to His chosen few,
And purpose firm their rescue to ensure:
His pallid cheek proclaims,
How precious are their names,
For whom his writhing nerves such pain endure.

See, to his cross he clings,
Whence endless virtue springs,
Life, health, and comfort to the sinner's soul:
What tho' the attack be rude,
As rush of mountain-flood,
He will not shrink to drain the hell-wrought bowl.

Warrior, he takes his stand,
Not to upraise his hand,
To crush the trembling souls He came to save—
But meek His crown to wear,
And meek His cross to bear,
Till Satan falls, and he who rules the grave!

Then hail that fearful gaze!
It strikes with dread amaze,
And chills his foes, all motionless as stone—
That frown is love to me;
It speaks the captive free,
And plants a worm on an archangel's throne!

THE JEWS' QUARTER.

SONNET.

' FATHER ! forgive them ! ' thus the Saviour prayed,
And on His murderers gazed with pity down ;
Their cruel hands had wreathed the thorny crown,
And the meek victim on his altar laid.
Thus spake the Lord—the sword of vengeance stayed—
The ear of mercy caught the word, ' forgive ! '
But what saith *he*, who claims to wield the blade
Of Christ's vicegerent !—' Let the accursed live,
' Branded and trampled down—their breath we give
' For what they yield as scavengers of wealth !
' The den of seven-gates, let it receive
' The scorn of ages, plucking life by stealth ! '
O thou ! who tread'st the Saviour's Israel low,
How dar'st thou claim His *power*—nor yet His *spirit* know ?

BASILICA OF S. PETER.

THE BRONZE STATUE OF S. PETER.

AND WHEN HE THOUGHT THEREON, HE WEPT.—MARK XIV. 72.

**WHO sits, a sceptered monarch in his hall,
Upheld by time, that makes all others bow,
Himself unmoved, tho' nations rise and fall;
No snow-storm shed by ages on his brow?
High lot is his! nor change of rule to know,
Nor touch of hoary years, as centuries come and go.**

**What would ambition more? Eternal Rome
Seals with his name the emblems of her pride—
High in the chamber of her proudest dome,
In Godhead throned his image dare abide;
While pilgrims hasten with the offered vow,
And at his feet in low obeisance bow.**

What would he more? The world his sceptre owns—
 Aloft from column, cupola, and tower,
 He views ten kingdoms prostrating their thrones,
 Submissive to his delegated power,
 The vassal-subjects of his magic name—
 What would he more to seal a deathless fame?

And yet to reign as king he held as nought,
 When from his eye coursed down the bitter tear—
 No longer Earth's magnificence he sought,
 Or feared man's face—sin, sin his only fear—
 To latest times he shunned not to proclaim
 Jehovah's glory in *his* own deep shame.

He braved a vow his Master's head to shield,
 Or lay his own in willing service down—
 He braved a vow the vengeful blade to wield,
 And steel his heart against a people's frown—
 Yet on his eye when gleamed the Judge's sword,
 He would not own the Saviour for his Lord!

Yea, he denied with curses—thrice the word
 Passed unrebuked his lip, with brazen brow;
 'The Lord of Hosts,' he said, 'was not *his* Lord,
 Nor cared he the Nazarene to know'—
 How in an hour are all his vows entombed!
 Sifted as corn—but not as chaff consumed:

For lo! the Sufferer turns His woe-worn face,
And on His servant bends His gentle eye—
Pity and Love blend in that look of grace,
And to the sinner tell his Saviour nigh—
He heeded not the deadly fight he fought,
Or his heart's pangs—his wandering sheep he sought:

He sought and found—the arrow Peter smote,
And forth he stepped from out the evil hall,
Bitter the things, that 'gainst himself he wrote,
Deadly his sin, and desperate his fall—
He wept, to tell how grossly Satan lied—
Man hath no power to stay his heart of pride.

O then! why drag him forth who thus did mourn,
And wish all self deep buried in his grave!
Why bid the crowd besotted t'ward him turn,
Their souls to save, his own who could not save!
O sight more galling than the lictor's rod,
The humbled saint upreared a brazen God!

Bitter the tears! and let them freely flow,
For evil was the hand that placed him there!
How would he weep to serve the nation's woe,
By claiming homage in God's House of Prayer!
How weep to see his form, from realms above,
Stand 'twixt his fellow-man, and Jesu's look of love!

S. PIETRO IN VINCOLI.

THE MOSES OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

AND AARON AND MIRIAM SPAKE AGAINST MOSES.—NUMB. XII. 1.

O VEX him not, nor chide
His delegated power!
Not his on wheels of state to ride,
Or bask a summer-hour—
He claims to guide with pastoral staff, not reign,
And meekly bears a load, which worlds could not sustain.

Think not, in that calm mind
The seeds of empire spring,
Till round his furrowed brows he bind
Wreaths of a tyrant-king—
Not his the royal robe with gems besprent,
Or iron heel of scorn to climb the proud ascent.

Tho' bred beside the throne,
He sought no ruler's wand ;
Jehovah marked him for his own,
And placed it in his hand ;
Then bade him go, nor faithless, lingering, stay,
Meekest of men, but point his fainting Israel's way !

O then, why load his ear
With taunt and bitter mock,
To his meek spirit more severe,
Than the rude tempest's shock—
Why fail his help, joint pillars of his power,
Nor share the unequal weight in tribulation's hour ?

When o'er the desert-land
Flames of rebellion burn,
While Israel's sons his just command
In fretted madness spurn—
He calmly asks his loving Lord in prayer,
His feeble strength to nerve—their guilty heads to spare.

But when, with scornful eye
And lip, his fellows rise,
Rebuke his zeal, his power defy—
Struck with severe surprise,
His speaking glance he turns, while the full soul
Boils o'er, and gushing tears their furrowed courses roll.

Yet anger stern contends
With a most patient grief—
One hand his robe of office rends
Like a December leaf;
The other on his beard, as if to strew
Its spoil upon the winds in restlessness of woe.

What fires that fixed eye?
Why points it as a sword?
He guards, with wakeful jealousy,
The glory of his Lord!
For those around his cheeks with blushes burn,
Who share their Sovereign's gifts, yet can such meed return.

Others might pave their thrones
With skulls of slaughtered foes,
Bracelet their arms with human bones,
And crown their brows with woes—
Ever he sought, with shepherd-care, to guide
His flock in pastures green, the gentle stream beside.

The crown he holds as nought,
He rules but for his King:
To Him the praise he ever brought,
To Him, would ever bring:
Shall he now yield to *man*—tho' left alone?
No! God enthroned, and none but God shall disenthroned!

Not readier sinks the sun
Down on the ocean's breast,
Than he would hail, his work once done,
The haven of his rest—
But ne'er will he, while God upholds his head,
List to a rebel's voice—a rival's vengeance dread.

Hence, with a dauntless brow,
His horn of strength he rears,
Nor dares Jehovah's choice to bow,
At beck of earth-born fears—
When lo! the columned cloud the portal fills,
And He, whose will is law, the storm of passion stills.

He comes to judge the right :
To some he shows his grace
In dreams and visions of the night—
To Moses, face to face :
Favored beyond all others—they who dare
His bidding scorn, a Miriam's leprosy must bear !

Firm is his judgment-seat,
Owned in the courts above—
The foe must worship at his feet,¹
And note the mark of love—
O fools! who could not see the path they trod,
How, warring 'gainst his rule, they warred against their God !

¹ Rev. iii. 9.

S. MARIA IN VIA LATA.

PAUL'S HIRED HOUSE.

PAUL DWELT TWO WHOLE YEARS IN HIS OWN HIRED HOUSE.
ACTS XXVIII. 30.

THERE is a pleasure which the curious find,
When yielding to the fancy's secret spell,
Endowing stones with attributes of mind,
And voice, to murmur tidings from their shell
Of ages floating down the stream of Time—
Tales of their inert being's earliest prime.

Thus they cry out—they live to tell of war,
Of human violence the crushing arm,
Of deeds of lowering hate, and fell despair,
Of a home's blessings, love's delicious charm—
They blab, where Murder's bloody step hath trod ;
Echoing the martyr's groans, for vengeance from his God.

Two ling'ring years, these rude and rough-hewn stones

The Prisoner¹ harbour'd—so the legends say—

His inward conflicts noted, heard his moans,

The gleam reflected of each heav'n-sent ray;—

Then list their voice, they may awhile unfold

Lessons of wisdom from the days of old.

They tell of *woe*—wrought by his fretting chain,

And inward canker of unbidden sin ;

Hardness of those, who dared the cross disdain,

Yet vainly hoped the proffered crown to win ;

They saw him gird his armour to the fight,

And prayerful wrestling seek celestial might.

They tell of *labour*—noon, and night, and morn,

Faint heart to cheer, the stubborn will subdue ;

Repelling Jewish hate and Gentile scorn ;

Pointing a Saviour to the sinner's view ;

His Master's cross they saw him meekly bear,—

A day of labour, and a night of prayer.

They tell of *comfort*—when of love the glance

Pierced, like a sword, within the heart's recess,

Causing the faint and sinking spirits dance

With a quick sense of inborn happiness—

The summer sun, that gilds a stormy sky,

Beams not so welcome to the wand'rer's eye !

¹ Eph. iii. 1.

They tell of *joy*—when, 'fore the Spirit's power,
The shattered arms of vanquished Nature lay,
And fitful burst upon the midnight-hour
Bright dawns of an everlasting day ;
When Jew and Gentile in the dust adored,
By heavenly might bowed down to own Messiah LORD.

They tell of *rapture*--when a vision bright
Beamed as his guerdon from the throne above—
A crown of glory, and a robe of light,
Seal'd with the cov'nant-seal of cov'nant-love ;—
When sounds of angel-harps and voices flowed
O'er the full soul, waft from the throne of God.

Who would not linger in this silent cell,
The hum of centuries rolling on his ear—
With Paul in fettered loneliness to dwell,
Joy in his smile, and sorrow in his tear ;
With him at Jesus' footstool sweetly learn,
Lessons of heav'nly love, and feel the kindlings burn !¹

Who would not linger, where the Saviour came
And went, an ever-loved and frequent guest,
As speeds the eagle, with a mother's flame,
To guard and feed the inmates of her nest ;
And, fluttering o'er the life she holds so dear,
Each want supplies, and soothes each throbbing fear !.

¹ Luke xxiv. 32.

Lo ! thro' the gloom celestial glories stream,
Opening a vista to th' enraptured eye,
While these rude stones the bright reflection gleam,
And point the gaze to yonder scenes on high,
Where burns the throne amid the angelic seven!
—It is the House of God—It is the Gate of Heav'n.¹

¹ Gen. xxviii. 17.



THE COLISEUM.

THE COLISEUM.

FEAR NOT THEM WHICH KILL THE BODY.—MATT. X. 28.

Lo ! here the giant-mass,
Hid 'neath its native grass,
Sloping its green sides toward the cloudless sky,
While, ranging line o'er line,
Like some exhausted mine,
Its hundred caverns meet the wanderer's eye;
And tree and herb their rule o'er wrecks maintain ;
The claimants of the earth, where man hath ceased to reign.

By rude and broken ways,
Threading the arches' maze,
Which, far receding, dimly stretch before,
Our gloomy way we hold,
Where they their depths unfold,
Like yawning caves, that skirt some mountain-shore—
Till yon bright moon-lit rent invites us nigh,
Whence spreads the circling bound, domed by the calm
blue sky.

High in her silvery car,
With many a twinkling star,
The moon ascends serene the brow of night;
And in her vigor's prime,
Untouched by envious Time,
O'erlays each broken arch with sheets of light;
Careless what work of man survive or die,
She nightly fills her horn, and nightly walks the sky.

She never checked her beam,
But poured as rich a gleam
O'er this huge pile with human blood bedewed,
Nor cared what caught her glance,
Amid the whirling dance,
The golden throne, or bones yon area strewed—
And, still unchanged, her silver rain she showers,
O'er arch and column crushed,—trees, herbs, and budding
flowers.

Here Murder fleshed his sword,
And Terror spread the board,
While Rome bade Death to dance his roundelay—
For her desires were wide,
And they must be supplied,
Tho' farthest isles be searched to yield her prey—
Would Death but make her sport, she vowed to bring
The glory of the world to grace the horrid King.

And well did Death obey,
And wild his roundelay,
Full many an age he quaffed the blood as rain ;
Here, in this hollow span,
Man slew his fellow-man,
And beasts in myriads choked the reeking plain—
Rome clapped the hand, and drowned the dying cry,
And called for blood with thirst not ocean could supply.

O where was Pity then ?
Fled from the haunts of men,
She sought a refuge in the desert-wild ;
There found a surer rest,
Within the tiger's breast,
Nor thought of Man—erst her peculiar child—
While *here* the shriek of woe, that rose around,
The maddening shout of drunken rapture drowned.

But whence this mingled throng,
The weak amid the strong,
Bowed age, and manly force, and youthful bloom,
The tender babe at rest
Upon its mother's breast,
All mute, like sheep, borne onward to their doom ?
Sure murder's self that helpless band might spare—
What fight shall they maintain ? their only weapon, prayer !

But hark ! the acclaiming sound
 Re-echoes wildly round,
 For sweet to Rome yon peaceful sacrifice—
 Hate owns but one fell aim,
 To crush the Saviour's name,
 And on its ruins raise her dome of lies ;
 While showers of deep'ning curses, far and wide,
 Pour o'er the heads of those, who own the Crucified !

The scene is past—again
 Filled is the murderous den,—
 Who now their will awaits, all bent with age ?
 He bears nor sword nor shield,
 As from a foughten field,
 Clothed like a hermit for his pilgrimage ?
 What dost thou here, with past'ral staff, alone,
 Where Justice hath no place, and Mercy is not known !

Methinks, I see him stand¹
 With eye upraised and hand,
 Meekly awaiting what the end may be—
 Ten thousand voices rise,
 To claim the sacrifice,
 He hears, nor sees the maddening revelry—
 O say, what in yon living blue hath power
 To chain his beaming eye in this tremendous hour !

¹ Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, who was exposed to lions in the Amphitheatre.

No idle vision plays
In yon meridian rays,
But secret glories of the world above ;
He sees the sapphire-throne,
Where Jesus stands to own
And cheer his servant's heart with looks of love—
While heav'n-lit smiles reveal how sweet the sight
Of Him he loved unseen, his Joy—his Life—his Light !

Forth from the covert spring
Two lions in the ring,
With rage and hunger bounding on their prey—
Where then the mighty arm,
That awed, as by a charm,
When down at Daniel's feet the monsters lay ?
Unchecked their course, while he nor quailed nor fled,
But stroked their shaggy manes, and 'neath their talons bled.

His earthly sands are run !
Hence ! for thy work is done !
A little moment glut thy rage for blood—
He on his Saviour's breast,
Comforted,¹ and at rest,
Basks in the glory of the sons of God :
But thou, O Rome, the foster-nurse of kings !
Flee ! for the angel comes—I hear the rushing of his wings !

¹ Isaiah lxvi. 18.

Who is the victim now?
I mark thy blasted brow,
Distraught with war, storm, fire, this many an age!
Since Death serves not for nought,
Thou hold'st the guerdon sought,
Who sows to sin, must reap its bitter wage—
But *he*, whose blood filled up thy cup of mirth,
Joys in his Maker's smile, far from all wrongs of earth.

'Tis sweet to think how soon
The glory of yon moon
Shall cease to glow o'er wrecks of human pride;
All swept before the storm,
That wraps the Saviour's form,
When He descends to claim his ransomed bride;
When Earth shall own no trophy of Sin's reign,
And CHRIST as King be hailed—THE LAMB FOR SINNERS
SLAIN !

S. ONOFRIO.

THE CONVENT-GARDEN WHERE TASSO DIED.

IN QUIETNESS AND IN CONFIDENCE SHALL BE YOUR STRENGTH.
ISAIAH XXX. 15.

CROWNING a summit, at whose base, stone-bound,
The sluggish Tiber rolls its yellow flood,
A small and cloistered convent long hath stood,
With its lone garden stretching to a mound
Circled with grass-grown steps, where, towering high,
A broad oak sways its arms athwart the sky.

Sweet is it there, where spreads the expanse of heav'n,
To watch the clustering vine and matted wreath,
Shading the thronging roofs that lie beneath,
Lit by the glowing tints of parting even,
And muse awhile, how swift Man's years decay,
When Night so soon obscures the glories of his Day.

So calm the spot—so sweet—so deeply blest
In its charmed loneliness, that who could greet
The crested city carpetting his feet
In all its pomp and glitter of unrest,
Nor as an altar view this stone-built shell,
Where sorrowing sons of earth may bid the earth farewell !

The couch of stone—type of the bed of death—
Whence the gay world, which once we loved so,
Lies, like old Rome, with all its glittering show,
A thing to scorn at—while Heav'n's gentle breath,
Erst powerless to dispel the fogs of sense,
Wafts o'er the aching brow her gales of frankincense :

And Hope, like this hoar oak's time-hardened form
Shooting its boughs on high, uprears her head,
And clings, tho' every earthly joy be fled,
Nor heeds the earthquake's shock, nor wasting storm,
But roots the Rock within, and leads the sight
To scenes for ever fair, and skies for ever bright.

'Twas such an eve, when he, who woke the lyre
To chant the woes of Zion, hither strayed,
And, as he mused beneath the broad oak's shade,
The spirit, that was wont his strain t'inspire,
Touched him, and fanned again the dying flame,
While Zion caught his ear, with magic of her name !

He looked—where, gilded by the setting rays,
Rose the proud dome o'ershadowing Peter's shrine;
He looked—where lay the broad Capitoline,
Shrouding its mass of ruins from his gaze—
Then, with desire Rome knew not to supply,
Fixed on Heav'n's golden gleams the rapture of his eye.

The world hath ceased to allure—he sees no more
Its thousand hues of glory and of guilt—
Thoughts of *His* love, whose blood for Man was spilt,
Rush on his soul, and bid it upward soar,
While, 'mid the tints that bathe yon gorgeous West,
Faith views the shining towers of Zion blest.

He sees a City, lit with living light,
Whose streets with jaspers burn and glowing gold,
While gates of adamant their leaves unfold,
To welcome pilgrims, clad in robes of white—
—O how unlike the Zion of *his* song!
Fain would he leave the Earth, and mix the crowds among.

' One step have I advanced, and longing stand
' Here on the threshold of the Eternal Hill,
' Bid me not back on Earth to wander still,
' Whose joys are bitterness, whose gold is sand—
' O let me weave with these their heav'n-born lay!
He sang, and as he sang, he breathed his soul away.

There is a viewless spirit hovering nigh,
Wooing the wanderer to this hallowed height,
Leave the vain world, and scale the bounds of light,
Nor care to spend one tear or lingering sigh—
For what of all Earth's myriad joys compare,
With the pure blessings of this quiet air!

Still rears its hundred boughs the hoary oak—
Still rests, with creepers clothed, the couch of stone—
Still Rome abides, a queen upon her throne,
Tho' o'er her crown the gathered tempests broke—
Who would not linger 'neath a Tasso's spell,
Where sorrowing sons of earth may bid the earth farewell!

EASTER-SUNDAY.

THE ILLUMINATION OF S. PETER'S.

SONNET.

Lo! where the Tiber threads the city's bound,
What blaze of glory wakes the Easter-night!
Towers, statues, columns wreathed in flickering light,
'Neath heav'n's blue vault, where lines of lustres round
Light up the dome, with cross of Jesus crowned!
See how the thronging myriads toward it gaze,
Wrapt in the gloom, that, shrouding all around,
Disdains the empire of its feeble rays!
Fit emblem of the glare that gilds your ways,
Children of Rome! that lights the sparkling eye,
Yet leaves the soul all lost in error's maze,
Uncheered, unwarmed—to please itself and die:
Then as a gilded bauble fades away!
—O how unlike His sun, who fills the living Day!

BASILICA OF S. SEBASTIAN.

THE CATACOMBS.

THEY WANDERED—IN DENS AND CAVES OF THE EARTH.—HEB. XI. 38.

SAY, where are they, whose names as kings are graven
In the sealed records of the courts above—
Pilgrims on earth, co-heritors of heav'n,
Children of Him, the Lord of Life and Love?
I saw the Angel stand,
With his uplifted brand,
And Rome had fallen—but *they* cried to spare!
Where then her tribute-gift? their crowns of glory where?

Go, thunder at the hundred palace-gates,
That throng the Imperial City in her pride!
Go, ask the crowd that now expectant waits,
In columned courts each marble fane beside!
Alas! while altars rise,
And burns the sacrifice,
And gems and statues grace each golden shrine,
And wreathed is beauty's brow—none owns his Maker's sign!

Not here—not here, amid her wealth or power,
 Where arch and column vaunt man's praise on high,
 As though the earth-born triumphs of an hour
 Were worth the homage of an angel's eye.
 Ye seek—ye seek in vain !
 Tablet and festal train
 Court not *His* sons, who rears supreme His throne—
 The stones cry out of gods—the God of gods disown !

Where then the sainted few ? Go, ask the earth !
 She is the mother of all souls that live ;
 Nor deem it strange, if she, who gave them birth,
 Should still the succour of her shelter give !
 Lo ! hid within her breast,
 She bids them seek their rest,
 Ere yet the laggard Time hath told their span,—
 —What of created things so harsh as cruel Man !

'Tis a poor boon ! but to the weary sweet,
 For *there* the Saviour laid his woe-worn head ;
 Content, since Man refused a welcome meet,
 To stretch his limbs where foxes made their bed :
 And thus, like timid sheep,
 His children watch and weep,
 Listing their Shepherd's voice, by troubles prest,
 In restless dread of man, they seek a place of rest.

While boldest foes of God o'er earth's broad bound,
In pride of sway and lust of rapine roam,
Drain their full food from the o'erburdened ground,
And 'mid its bowers of beauty plant their home—
Rude rock and cavern'd den,
Reeds of the noisome fen,
Bleak snows of mountain-tops, or some sea-woven grot
Hide the poor flock of Christ, by all but Him forgot ;

Or but remember'd when the hounds of war
Have tracked them to their hard and lone retreat ;
From caves, or deep ravines, or mountains hoar,
Dragging them, fettered, to the judgment-seat !
Behold, behold the man !
So faint, so worn, so wan !
Hunger will do its work, and cold, and care ;
O sheathe your thirsty swords—the pallid victim spare !

Sooner the monsters of the deep shall list the moan,
And check, with taste of blood, their rabid jaws—
Than Man disgorge his prey, and Justice own,
And Truth, submissive to his Maker's laws !
Filled with the hate of God,
His feet with ruin shod,
With iron hand and heart he rears Christ's cross above,
And nails His brethren there—their only trespass, love.

Lo ! Earth for very shame her bosom yielded,
Since Man a hearth and home for them disdain'd—
Poor sheep, with their warm coats, the houseless shielded,
Bleating responsive tones as they complain'd—
The storm its rage repress,
Moaning at their unrest,
And God the keen blast tempered for the shorn—
But Man no pity knew, filled with Satanic scorn.

Yet blest were they, weaned from Earth's furtive pleasure,
They found their heav'n in these dark vaults begun—
The Lord their bliss, they asked no earth-born treasure,
The Lamb their glory, they besought no sun ;
Tho' in the realms of death,
They breathed the heav'n-born breath,
His promised presence felt, and owned His power,
Who lists the raven's cry, and clothes each gorgeous
flower.

The distant roll of chariot-wheels unmoved
They heard, and thought them of their heav'nly home :
Shall He who loves forsake the objects loved,
And leave them here 'mid barren caves to roam ?
The times are in His hand,
Faith tarries his command ;
Sealed is his covenant-word, that all may claim
His kindly look of love, who knows each sheep by name.

What tho' the ingrate city scorned to render
Earth's honours for the blessings of their prayer,
Their's was no lingering love for fading splendour,
No wish, the glittering spoils of worlds to share—
The Lord their Shepherd-guide,
What could they lack beside? ¹
O who would fear to live, tho' 'neath a Cæsar's frown,
With PEACE his present lot—and JOY his future crown!

¹ Ps. xxiii. 1.

BASILICA OF S. PAUL.

TO ME TO LIVE IS CHRIST, AND TO DIE IS GAIN.—PHIL. I. 21.

BESIDE the Tiber's lonely bed,
In reach of the advancing wave,
A band of weeping brethren sped,
To dig his grave!

With keen-edged sword, and burnished shield,
Sin, Hell, and Death he long defied—
A warrior on the battle-field,
In arms he died!

He would not own the world's control;
He would not shun the evil day;
Death might the *body*—but the *soul*
It could not slay.

A flash—it was the falchion's wave ;
The ransomed spirit's on the wing—
Where, where thy victory, O grave !
O death ! thy sting

In hope they bear him to his rest,
And lay him 'neath the verdant sod—
His frame committed to earth's breast,
His soul to God !

Imperial Rome in scorn looked down
On the lone tomb beneath her feet—
But little recked he of her frown,
His rest was sweet.

Ages rolled by—and bloody war
Humbled the ancient city's pride,
And rudely drove the vengeful car
His grave beside.

Tower, palace, dome, and temple burned
In one wide devastating blaze,
While mild the blooming turf returned
Their baleful gaze.

Nought broke his rest—or far or near
The heaving elements of strife ;
He parted with all earthly fear,
With parting life.

Old Tiber rolled his wintry wave,
And down the boiling waters swept—
They could not sap his narrow grave,
He calmly slept.

Earth to her deep foundations wrought,
And rudely trench'd the city's breast,
Yet could not grudge the boon he sought,
A place of rest.

But lo, a change! Eternal Rome,
That cast him from his father's race,
Now seeks him in his narrow home,
To do him grace.

A hundred columns o'er him rise,
Gold, tablets, gems his shrine adorn;
By gifts she seeks to equalize
Ages of scorn.

He slumbers still—loud songs they raise,
With daily rites bemoan his lot;
The marble walls resound his praise—
He hears it not!

He will not move their toil to own—
And when, full on the marble grove
Fire bursts, and pours destruction down,¹
He will not move!

The Basilica, erected over the grave of the Apostle, was nearly destroyed by fire about five years ago. It is now rebuilding.

Alike to him man's haughty scorn,
Or empty praise, or changeful whim—
The gilded dome, or wreathed thorn,
Alike to him !

The clang of war, the victor's shout,
The moan of such as sit and weep,
Sound, but as wintry storms without
To those who sleep.

Love waits the summons of her Lord,
To tread all foes her foot beneath,
Fire, flood, the shock of earth, or sword
Of cruel Death.

Then, when the judgment-thunders roll,
And tyrant-worlds await their doom,
No power shall fetter down the soul
To yon lone tomb.

I see him spurn the ground I `tread,
Unstain'd by Earth's clay winding sheet,
'Rise from the regions of the dead,
His Lord to meet !

To be with Him, to wear the crown,
Fruition of extatic bliss !—
—O may I lay my body down,
In hope like his !

TOMB OF CECILIA METELLA.

AND SWARE—THERE SHOULD BE TIME NO LONGER.—REV. X. 6.

'Tis in vain—she is gone like a meteor of night,
And the train of her glory passed swift from his sight—
In the hour of his woe he hath called on his bride,
Knocked loud at her chamber—but none hath replied.

He hath wearied the winds with the tale of his woes;
They refuse to awake to bestir her repose:
The gods—they are deaf as their statues of stone,
They may list to the song—but they hear not the moan.

Since she issues no more from the cave of her sleep,
But evermore gone, leaves him ever to weep,
What, what shall he do to ennoble her name,
And make Rome strike it deep in the rolls of its fame?

He will rear o'er her head a memorial of pride,
That shall wed her to Time as a boon and a bride :
Her name shall not die while that record hath birth,
And that record shall live with the bound of the earth.

'Tis done—age rolls over age like the billowy surge,
And things that are past in things present immerge :
Time, heedless of glory, sweeps rude with his wing
The arch of the warrior—the dome of the king.

Yet hath he respected his bride's lone retreat ;
Tho' stern, he hath laid down his scythe at her feet ;
He hath woven the ivy's green leaf round her form,
And tempered the rage of the rough-blowing storm.

Yet vain is his care—War springs up by his side,
And plants his fell foot on the tomb of the bride,
Nought recks he the couch, where her sorrows repose,
But stains the chaste marble with blood of his foes.

He flies, when Peace comes with its own olive-wand,
He flies—but leaves ruthless, the marks of his hand—
Shelled and broken, he circles her brows with his crown,
And o'er the dead's slumbers his battlements frown.¹

¹ The tomb is surmounted with Gothic battlements, appendages of the middle ages, when it was used as a fortress.

Still Time faithful upholds her, his own chosen bride,
If defaced her beauty, he stays by her side ;
But the touch of his hand is a touch of decay,
He wears out himself, as his years pass away.

For the bleak storms of Winter congeal on his breath,
And the warmth of his love is the chillness of death ;
He may seek to preserve—from his hard icy hand,
The object he tends, crumbles loose like the sand.

Then out upon Time ! since War laughs him to scorn,
And plucks rudely the bays he for ages hath worn ;
Since the blasts of the storm pour contempt on his fame,
And he saves for his bride but a shell and a name !

Who would heed to the life his vain favours bestow,
His arch of renown, or his marbles of woe !
Let him give as he list—they elude the fond sight,
Like swift-sailing clouds on the bosom of night.

Quick hasteth the day, when the angel shall stand,
And appeal to Jehovah with upraised hand :
One foot on the ocean, one foot on the shore,
He shall pass the dread death-doom—TIME IS NO MORE !

The hope of the Christian is based not on Time,
On the record of centuries burdened with crime ;
Tho' his memory die, and earth cover his fame,
The Lord of his life shall remember his name !

S. PAOLO ALLE TRE FONTANE.

IF ANY MAN THIRST, LET HIM COME UNTO ME AND DRINK.—JOHN VII. 37.

SICK of the tales of monks, I leave unblest
The triple fountain in its marble shrine;
Not *here* the pilgrim's foot may find a rest,
Nor *here* await the proffered milk and wine.

In vain man boasts the virtues of the wave,
And weaves from age to age his fiction's spell;
No flower of promise blossoms o'er its cave,
Nor fields of waving corn its wanderings tell.

Cold, dark, and cheerless—prisoned in the rock,
Mid columned courts the glistening waves appear;
No heav'n-sent dew—as tho' some mountain-shock
Had wrung from earth her agonizing tear.

Lonely the temples stand,¹ and take their hue
From the brown moor, and barren heath around ;
Where scant a verdant blade invites the dew ;
Where nought but ruins press the blasted ground !

O would the water burst its marble cell,
And not man's fancies, but his wants, beguile ;
Blessing—itself again be blest, and swell
O'er its broad banks, and bid the desert smile !

For such the stream that now from Horeb's mount,
Thro' earth's waste wilderness all richly flows ;
While crowd the thirsty round the living fount,
And the bleak desert blossoms as the rose.

And such the stream that glads the courts above,
Whose dews the Tree of Life's broad boughs distil,
To Earth dispensing gifts, in showers of love,
Life, health, strength, beauty—Freely drink who will !

This is the stream, all others are accurst—
Who quaffs its wave shall live ; who spurn it, dies.
The FOUNT OF TRUTH alone can quench the thirst,
But here I drink not—'tis the WELL OF LIES !

¹ The three fountains are reported to have miraculously sprung forth at the place where S. Paul was beheaded. The absurd legend is perpetuated by a group of three churches and a monastery erected on the spot, which, with a few trees, form a picturesque object in the midst of low barren hills, about three miles from Rome. Under the marble pavement of the Church of S. Paul are the fountains, of which the devout are invited to partake.

THE TIBER.

FOR WHAT IS YOUR LIFE—IT IS EVEN AS A VAPOUR THAT APPEARETH FOR
A LITTLE TIME, AND THEN VANISHETH AWAY.—JAMES IV. 14.

I SAW,—when bright the gallant sun
 Beamed in the deep blue sky,
Along the Tiber's sweeping flood,
 A little band pass by.

No pilgrim with his scallop-shell,
 Nor anchorite so lean,
Nor stately priests in scarlet hose,
 Were there that day, I ween.

The flush of youth was on their brow,
 Its carols on their tongue,
And sounds of jocund merriment
 Upon the breeze were flung.

And one I marked of all the rest,
In life and spirits gay,
With cheek all bloom, and eye all bright,
Speed on her joyous way.

She skimmed along the brimming shore,
And urged her gallant steed,
And gaily cheered her young compeers
To rival her in speed.

They passed, swift as the rushing wind—
I rose, as from a dream;
The song and laugh soon died away,
In murmurs of the stream.

The air around seemed full of joy,
The sun more brightly shone,
And bade old Tiber's yellow flood
Gleam, as he rippled on.

I cast aside a weight of care,
And checked the starting tear,
The thought rose busy in the soul—
There is no sorrow here!

When, lo, a tramp of horse! I turn—
I mark the self-same band,
'In other mood than forth they rode,'
Slow pace the shining sand.

Upon the brow a deepened gloom—
The tear within the eye;
O where is she, the lady bright,
Who sped so gallantly?

Where is she, and her prancing steed?
Why thus return alone?
Woes me! she was, and she is not—
With the flood of waters gone!

All reckless as she urged her steed,
It stumbled on the bank,
Plunged with its rider in the stream,
And with its rider sank.

Thrice she arose from out the flood,
Thrice raised a suppliant hand—
And thrice the bitter shriek of woe
Was heard along the strand.

But vain her cries, her struggles vain,
Nor youth, nor beauty's bloom
Availed—stern Death no pity knew,
He bore her to the tomb.

With sheets of wave he folds her round,
In his remorseless clasp,
Bubbling his sullen joy to feel
The captive in his grasp.

Then lays her on the river's bed,
Her vivid eye now dim :
All hushed her voice—all pale her cheek—
All motionless each limb.

O what an eve of sorrow sets
Upon a morn so gay !
Whole years of weeping may not wash
One moment's woe away.

Ashamed that, in a passing trance,
I dreamed the present bliss
Could last beyond the narrow bound
Of earth-born happiness,

Earth is a vale of tears, I said,
Heav'n knows nor sigh nor tear—
THERE only may the thought pervade :
There is no sorrow here !

The above refers to the affecting death of Miss Bathurst, who was drowned in the Tiber a few years ago, under circumstances which may well excite, in the mind of an Englishman, a brief reverie on the banks of the river.

THE ENGLISH BURIAL-GROUND.

ALTHOUGH MY HOUSE BE NOT SO WITH GOD, YET HATH HE MADE WITH
ME AN EVERLASTING COVENANT, ORDERED IN ALL THINGS AND SURE,
FOR THIS IS ALL MY SALVATION, AND ALL MY DESIRE, ALTHOUGH HE
MAKE IT NOT TO GROW.¹—2 SAM. XXIII. 5.

Will Rome then yield a place of rest
To those who will not own
Submission to her triple crest,
Or kiss her priestly throne?
She will—she points a plot of ground,
Without the city's hallowed bound,
Where spreads a gentle couch around,
With herbs and flow'rets strewn.

¹ Inscription on one of the tomb-stones.

Enough ! we hail the outer ward,
 And wall with ivy deckt,
 The pyramid of a heathen lord¹
 May well our bones protect—
 Better a scorned and lowly tomb,
 Than lie embraced by faithless Rome,
 When He, who seals the city's doom,
 Shall rise for His elect !

'Tis meet, since we refuse to share
 Her board of blessings spread,
 Nor heed her ban, nor ask her prayer,
 That she refuse our dead !
 It matters not—they sleep as sweet,
 Low nestled at the city's feet,
 Spared by the angry storms, that beat
 Fierce on her tow'ring head.

We sought with her in life no part ;
 Grudged not her wealth or fame ;
 Despised her superstition's mart ;
 Refused to gild her shame.
 We asked no faint or jaundiced ray,
 To point the Source of living day,
 Our guide, THE LIFE, THE TRUTH, THE WAY,
 We owned no other name.

¹ The pyramid of Calus Cestius.

A long array we may not boast
Of deeds of merit bright ;
Of conquests won o'er Hell's proud host,
By Man's unaided might ;
One work is our's, more choice than gold,
FAITH¹—faith in Christ, by which enrolled,
We crowd within the Shepherd's fold,
And pasture in his sight.

No marble from Sicilia brought,
Nor monumental bust,
Nor form by skilful chisel wrought,
May press the mouldering dust ;
As forth we came, we sink to earth,
Naked, and destitute of worth ;
Yet, glorying in our second birth,
We have whereon to trust.

' For tho' our house be not with Him,
As His commands require,
Our service stained, our graces dim,
And faint each pure desire ;
Upon the heart His broad seal prest,
In His white robe of virtue drest,
On His sure covenant we rest ;
And to His heav'n aspire.'

¹ John vi. 29.

We know who rightful claims our faith,
Immutably the same ;
Nor heed Earth, Hell, or tyrant Death,
Tho' they denounce our name !
Without the gate the Saviour bled,
Without the gate they made his bed ;
How blest with Him to lay our head,
And share our Master's shame !¹

We thank thee, Rome, for this green field,
Howe'er by thee unblest :
We thank thee more, thou would'st not yield
A place upon thy breast !
On thy bent brow there is a sign,
Tho' fiercely flushed with harlot-wine,
That notes thee doomed to wrath divine ;
—O who would be thy guest !

Far rather would we rest our dead,
Where Spring nor Summer bloom,
Than ask of thee, when life is fled,
The same proud, common tomb.
When on thy crown the death-bolts lower,
The thought will cheer us in that hour ;
' They shared not in thy pride of power,
They share not in thy doom !'

¹ Heb. xiii. 12, 13.

THE APPIAN WAY.

AND SO WE WENT TOWARD ROME, AND FROM THENCE, WHEN THE BRETHREN HEARD OF US, THEY CAME TO MEET US AS FAR AS APPII FORUM, AND THE THREE TAVERNS, WHOM, WHEN PAUL SAW, HE THANKED GOD AND TOOK COURAGE.—ACTS XXVIII. 14. 15.

How strong the love, that binds
Two souls in Friendship's bonds, when days are young,
And Hope her web of fairy beauty winds,
And Joy flits by with carols on her tongue;
And not a cloud of Care obscures the skies!
—Yet Passion soon, too soon, an entrance finds,
And Friendship dies.

How strong a lover's love,
When Youth and Beauty lean upon his arm,
Whispering soft things from softer thoughts that rove
O'er scenes, all blooming 'neath Spring's golden charm!
—Yet Time's rude wing and wintry blasts rush by,
And falcon Death swoops on the fairest dove,
Nor heeds its cry.

How strong a mother's clasp,
Her frail babe round, when dangers hover near!
She shuns nor fang of beast, nor tongue of asp,
Fire, flood, nor storm—disease, woe, want, nor fear,
That roam along, like wolves upon the wild :
—Yet may a Mother loose her fondest grasp,
And spurn her child!

Yea! Time, and busy Death,
And seeds of sin that in men's bosoms lie,
Striking their cancerous roots with every breath,
Flushing the cheek, and firing fierce the eye—
O how with earth-born love they roughly deal,
Till, back retiring to its source beneath,
It cease to feel!

Yet there's a love beyond
All love of earth—that lives, and rears its head
When Love and Friendship bow beneath Time's wand,
And all a mother's dear delights have fled—
That Sin may not defile, nor Years corrode,
Nor e'en the arm of Death unloose—a bond
Close knit by God!

Stronger than Earth and Hell,
The cords that drew Paul's brethren on their way,
The friend to meet unknown, yet known so well,
As the sweet impulse wrought its secret sway:

SELF had not wove the knot, and could not part,
Hand linked to hand by a celestial spell,
And heart to heart.

And *this* the road they sped,
Mingling sweet converse with affection's tear;
While Peace and Joy their hallowed influence shed—
Spurning all pain, shame, lassitude, or fear
Of coming trial:—Why should they complain,
Who favoured are to bleed where Jesus bled,
With Him to reign?

Each had his office then :
The *one*, as bound with Christ, the cross to bear,
And gather graces in the lion's den :
The *rest*, in his vicissitudes to share—
Nor *they* alone, for Faith, amid the throng,
—O grace, unmerited by sinful men !
Saw JESUS move along !

THE LATIN GATE.¹

MARVEL NOT, MY BRETHREN, IF THE WORLD HATE YOU.—1 JOHN III. 13.

DARK the night—the sun will wake
Beauteous on the dawning morrow ;
Gleams of mercy soon will break
O'er the clouds of pain and sorrow ;
Whom Christ loves His arm can save,
From the fire, the sword, the wave !

Fear not ! loved one ! tho' man's arm
In his iron foldings bound thee ;
He will rise, whose word can charm
All the dangers that surround thee ;
Thine the promise—trust Him still—
His the means, to work His will.

¹ Said to be the spot on which S. John was plunged into a vessel of boiling oil ; from which he emerged unhurt.

Giant arches! bowed by Time,
With the snows of ages hoary,
Glowing 'neath a golden clime,
Witness to your Master's glory;
Ye beheld His banners rise
O'er the heathen's sacrifice!

Meek the loved disciple stood,
Mid the heavings of commotion,
While the nation for his blood
Wrestled like a foaming ocean—
See him now, the gate beside,
Plunged beneath the boiling tide!

' Where is now his feigned trust?
Where the God he counts his treasure?
Can *He* save his child of dust,
When the world's queen works her pleasure?'
—Fools! with that poor worm of clay
Stands the Lord of life and day!

And *he* knows it—see! how calm,
Mid the storm of passion raging;
He hath felt some heavenly balm
The rude elements assuaging;
And he hails his couch of rest,
As a babe its mother's breast.

Nought can stay the Saviour's word ;
Till He come his child must tarry ;¹
What is Rome before Rome's Lord,
But his people's sanctuary !
Earth and hell may join the hand,
They must wait on His command.

Lo ! He touched the boiling wave,
And it rolled like cooling water,
And to Rome a signal gave,
That it claimed no power of slaughter :
Tho' *she* scorned Jehovah still,
It was bound to do His will.

But the scene—how changed ! around
Ruin spreads her many a token—
Calmly sleeps the desert-ground,
As a couch for rest unbroken :
For the Eternal City call !—
—Lo ! this gate and crumbling wall !

She hath fled the unhallowed pale,²
And the evening breeze is sighing,
With a low and mournful wail,
Like a requiem for the dying—

¹ John xxi. 22.

² Rome, as is well known, has shrunk to within half the space enclosed by the walls. The Latin Gate, now never opened, is thus secluded amid fields and high stone enclosures.

'Tis a voice from out these stones,
For the crownless queen it moans!

Time the portal long hath closed,
Sweeping o'er the walls his pinion ;
And where erst proud ART reposed,
NATURE claims her old dominion,
Up the bolted bars she creeps,
And the Roman's boundary leaps !

Lo ! through arch and creviced wall
Pour her green leaves without number ;
Free to range each sheltered hall,
And o'er wrecks of hearthstones slumber ;
While gnarled branches force a way,
Through the breasts of ruins gray.

Fearless with their crests of pride,
Roman rule nor power knowing,
Oaks and sycamores abide,
In the growth of ages growing—
While the birds and insects play,
Undisturbed, the summer day.

I could weep to see the earth
Conquer man, his rule despising,
If I saw not, from their birth
Worms against their Maker rising—

Since Heav'n's King they scorn to obey,
Well may Nature spurn their sway !

Had Rome loved her heav'nly Lord,
He had been her strong salvation ;
Since she hated him, the sword
Wrought its work of devastation :
Where her scattered ruins meet,
Nature weaves her winding-sheet.

She had quaffed the blood of those
Who were loved with love most tender ;
From His place the Lord arose
As His people's great Defender ;
Broke her strength, and bowed her head
To the regions of the dead.

Fear not then, ye little flock !
Shall He love, and fail to cherish ?
As a reed he rends the rock,
Ere one loved disciple perish !
—Should it seek his people's curse,
He would crush his universe !

S. CHIARA. NAPLES.

THE DAY OF SAINT JANUARIUS.

HOW CANST THOU SAY, I AM NOT POLLUTED, I HAVE NOT GONE AFTER
BAALIM ?—JER. II. 23.

“SEEEST thou this, son of man ?”¹ Jehovah said,
Unfolding Zion’s courts, himself the King ;
One little moment spared her tow’ring head,
Already darkened by the Archangel’s wing—
Ezekiel northward saw the abhorred thing,
That dared usurp Jehovah’s hallowed seat ;
Image of Jealousy, whose serpent-sting
Allured the people’s souls with venom sweet,
Who bowed their faces down, submissive at its feet.

‘ Is it a light thing Judah dare commit,
‘ In the dark chambers of her own dark mind,
‘ Champing my rule, as a wild ass its bit,
‘ And rushing to fresh pastures food to find ?

¹ Ezekiel viii. 6.

‘ See how they bow to heathen gods, who bind
‘ Yokes on their necks, their fathers could not bear,
‘ Fresh incense waving on the treacherous wind,
‘ And sounds re-echoed of rebellious prayer !
‘ Plead not for it !—’tis doomed—my judgments shall not
spare ! ’¹

Unhappy Naples ! if such doom awoke
The idol-worship of His house of old ;
If loud the thunder of His fury broke,
And JEALOUS was the name that thunder rolled—
What are these gods tricked out in gems and gold,
Who toward His altar take their daring road ?
While the fond people, to such service sold,
Uprear their gilded shrines with flowers bestrewed,
Their bruised necks bowed low, beneath the unpitying load !

And who is he, that on the altar stands
To welcome these his compeers—his gold head
Set with a mitre, and his uplift hands
Outstretched to bless, all motionless and dead,
No will to guide—while living lustres shed
Glory, as on the demon of the hour ?
To *Him* they bow, ’fore *Him* petitions spread,
To *Him* appeal, when angry tempests lower,
And the wild mountain flames in fury of its power !

¹ Ezekiel viii. 18.

Say, who is this—and who are these, that throng
The holy place, bedecked with robes of state
Gorgeous, and flashing rays, as borne along
The lights stream o'er them—on their thrones elate,
Marking the multitudes their steps await ;
Speechless they sit, while their pale features gleam,
As fixed by an unalterable fate,
In shades of ghastly glory ;—on they stream,
Like flitting phantoms, in a rude and feverish dream.

The voice of prayer ! What would they of their god,
That they thus urge him with incessant cries ?
Will he not answer them by word or nod ;
Grant what they seek, or say if he denies ?
Not yet—nor yet—he waits ere he complies,
And fills his ear with their importunate prayer,
Pleased with their blandishments and flattering lies ;
Nor moves—while clamours load the fragrant air—
The same unchanging gaze his ghastly eyeballs wear.

From their stern cast not yet his features swerve,
Nor cease their cries—then what the wished-for good ?
O object worthy of the god they serve,
And those who serve him !—that his hardened blood,
Which he, for Christ's sake, shed upon the rood
Of martyrdom, ere many a rolling sun,
Now should stream forth afresh as erst it flowed !

And lo ! they hail, with lauding cry—' 'Tis done ! '
The scene in falsehood shuts—in blasphemy begun !

O bear me hence, where burns the steaming blast
O'er the scorched plains of heathen Hindostan,
Where, 'fore the hideous forms his hands have cast,
Low-bending, the cowed slave with visage wan,
Their smile beseeching, deprecates their ban—
Whose gods are devils, crowned in deed and name :
Oh who could think that grovelling thing is man !
—Yet *more* debased, on *you* the deeper shame,
Who spurn, yet bear His style, immutably the same !

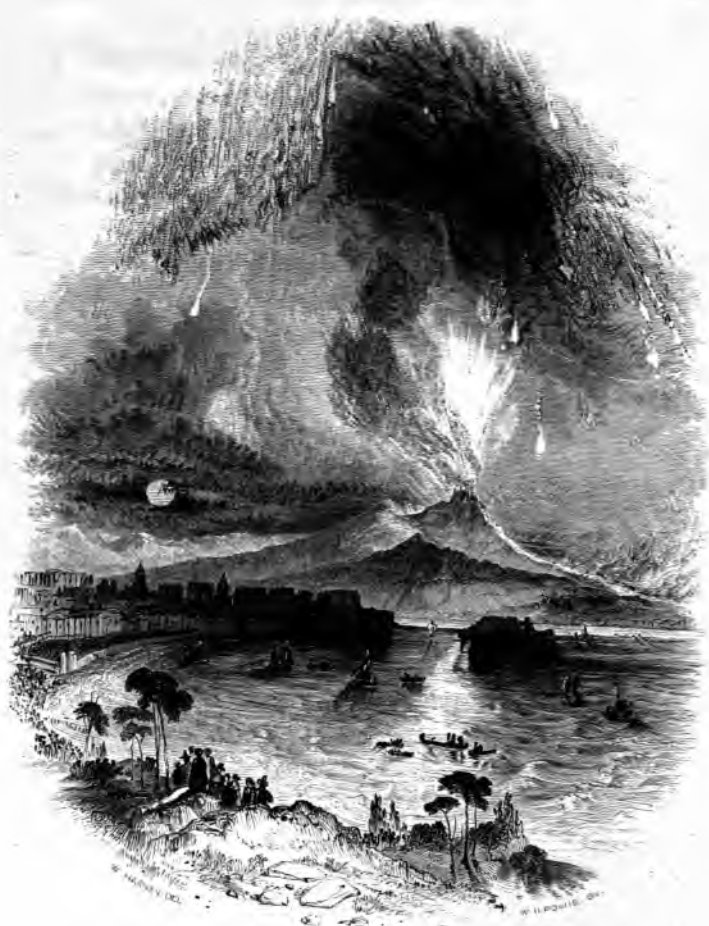
They know no Power, but Satan and his brood,
And blind the service of their knowledge pay ;
Ye know who reigns above, the one true God,
And *ye* have seen the flash of rising Day ;
They have no guide, but sickly reason's ray,
Glimmering, all dubious, in the soul's deep night ;
While *ye*, who have the Light, the Truth, the Way,
Love in the dark to weave your mystic rite,
Gilding the hellish gloom by beam of holy light.

ONE, and one only, stands between fall'n man
And his offended God ! Oh why reject
HIM for the imaged beings of a span,
Who have nor strength nor wisdom to protect ?

Will HE, who soon shall come, in thunder deekt,
Greet whom a Noah or a Job¹ might lead,
Claiming the name and acts of his elect,
In place of JESUS? No! sure death their meed,
Mocked by their right-hand lie²—tho' an arch-angel plead!

¹ Ezekiel xiv. 14.

² Isaiah xlv. 20.



VESUVIUS.

VESUVIUS.

ACROSS THE BAY.

TOUCH THE MOUNTAINS, AND THEY SHALL SMOKE.—PSALM CXLIV. 5.

LONG since, in dreaming moods of mind,
I trod this circling shore,
Saw the far mountain flash, and heard
The tideless ocean roar.

So clear and bright the magic scene,
In mirrored waters shone,
The spirit claimed it as her own—
When lo! a breath—'twas gone!

I 'woke—the tasks of daily life
My youthful ardours quelled;
Till rose again the glittering charm,
To be again dispelled.

Soon taught to feel, as gleamed the view
All fitful on the sight,
The painted beauties of the soul,
Mere visions of the night.

Yet now, each busy sense awake
Grasps scenes of magic name ;
My ear, the midland ocean's roar,
My eye, Vesuvius' flame !

I see her fling athwart the wave
Her lines of living light,
Like fiery serpents, flashing far
Their ridgy furrows bright :

I see her fold around her brow,
A dark sulphureous shroud,
Rising, and deepening in its rise,
Commingling with the cloud :

Still burns, as in the ages gone,
Yon mine of quenchless rage ;
The same as when her lurid blaze
Lit up th' historic page.

And what shall check the lust of man,
His folly or his pride !
Lo ! 'mid the glare he rears his tent,
The molten track beside.

Gaily he plants the jocund vine,
Gaily he marks it grow ;
Nor heeds, while forms the grape's rich juice,
How ruin works below !

Till sudden from yon furnace-mouth,
The broad red streams descend,
And fruits of earth, and works of men,
In one destruction blend.

Yet as I gaze on scenes no more
In fancy's colours drest,—
Earth's restlessness but soothes and stills
The fever of the breast.

No fire of rapture in the eye,
No burst upon the lip—
Strange ! that the draught should be so mild,
When burning was the sip !

Yet, if I am not what I was,
And years, that hurry by,
Have dimmed the lustre of the soul,
The sparkle of the eye ;

My feelings claim a higher source,
A more enlightened tone ;
Less care I for a selfish joy,
My soul is GOD's alone !

I mark Him in his works of might,
The air, the wave, the shore;
I see Him in the mirrored flame—
I hear him in the roar!

The burning mountain is to me
An unexhausted mine:
I *wonder* less—yet more *admire*
Marks of a hand Divine.

While those, who will not read His name,
In stupid marvel gaze;
I know *His* might, who earth shall fire,
In one stupendous blaze.

I see my Father's touch of flame,
My Father's voice I own;
I step from off the mountain's brow,
Up to His mercy's throne!

There plead His grace, who died for me,
And lives for me above;
And smile to see Almighty power
Curb'd by Almighty love.

THE CAMPO SANTO.

BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHICH DIE IN THE LORD.—REV. XIV. 13.

The CAMPO SANTO of Naples is a large public cemetery, at some distance from the city, enclosed on three sides by a wall, and on the fourth, where are the gates, by a piazza. It consists of vaults, as numerous, by report, as there are days in the year. Each morning, at an early hour, a fresh one is opened, and all the bodies brought, after being stripped, are thrown headlong in, and sprinkled with a little quick-lime, which, with the progress of time, and the assistance of rats and other vermin, serves, in the course of the year, to reduce them to their native dust, and leave the place free for new comers. A square stone covers the aperture, which, after the day's use, is closed and fastened in its case with mortar.

OFT do I deem, when doubts arise
To throng the aching head ;
What boots it where the body lies,
When once the spirit's fled !

If hid within the Saviour's hand,
Sweet—sweet will be its rest ;
Or buried in the ocean's sand,
Or tossing on its breast.

Tho' winds its fragments bear on high,
And billowy waves deform;
They cannot waft it from His eye,
Who rides upon the storm.

Tho' bound in sheets of thick-ribb'd ice,
Or cast on burning sands;
When forth the word hath sped: Arise!
In form complete it stands.

What boots it then to choose a grave,
Or weave a winding-sheet?
His own He claims from earth or wave,
From cold or torrid heat.

Yet, when I gazed the pit within,
Where fresh, as newly slain;
Sad trophies of the reign of sin!
Full many a form was lain,—

An undistinguishable mass
Of pallid, human clay;
Hurled helpless down like mowen grass,—
I gazed—and turned away.

I thought me on the gentle mould,
Where Christ's disciples lie;
Like sheep within their Shepherd's fold,
Beneath their Shepherd's eye!

I thought how sweet to lay me down,
Where, gathered side by side,
They wait their resurrection-crown,
Ensured, since Jesus died.

Tho' there Death strains his stingless power,
And digs the narrow bed ;
He may not touch the tenderest flower
That blooms above the dead.

Tho' earth-born damps pervade within,
And worms, unbidden, dare
Do their rude work on fruits of sin—
Hope's symbol blossoms there !

I've watched it, as the dew-drops fell,
In tearful beauty blow ;
And smile the live-long day to tell,
How sweet the rest below !

Awhile may fade its painted coat,
As sinks the setting sun ;
Bow its shut leaves, and seem to note
Its sands of being run ;

But, as it feels the morning breath,
Among its petals play ;
It shakes aside the dews of death,
And greets the rising day.

So droops the saint at set of sun ;
So sleeps the waning night ;
So hails, when Time's swift wheels have run,
The resurrection-light.

Such be my lot !—I ask no show
To gild the dark vale's gloom ;
Nor golden pageantry to strew
A pathway to the tomb :

But one fond tear from those I love,
As dust to dust is given ;
And one bright flower to bloom above,
And note my hope of heaven !

Thus, when He summons to my rest,
I yield me at His word ;
My body to the earth's shut breast—
My spirit to my Lord !

POMPEII.

SONNET.

O THOU ! whose guilt—to other realms a sign—
Heav'n would not scorch to dust, nor earth entomb ;
Fated once more 'neath conscious suns to shine,
Thy courts waked up from centuries of gloom ;
That man may scan what stirred the Wrath divine,
Thy rest to break ere summoned to thy doom !
Is not thy Maker just ? Shall vice in vain
Outrage His will, unchecked from age to age ?
Woe's me ! He speaks, and ruin pours like rain,
Kindling a flame nor tears nor prayers assuage ;
And on this shore, and on His Jordan's plain
Are signs : *He hath His will, and sin its wage !*
O'er the sunk cities rolls the Dead Sea's wave,
And here, 'mid desert-shrines, behold Pompeii's grave !

THE BAY OF POZZUOLI.

THE SOUTH-WIND BLEW, AND WE CAME TO PUTEOLI.—ACTS XXVIII. 13.

FAIR sea ! whose lines of rolling wave
Flash back the gladsome day,
And seem, as the broad beach they lave,
In murmurs soft to say,
' Is there a wand'rer on my breast ?—
I'll bear him gently to his rest,
And soothe his cares away ;
Here, where sweet flowers of thousand hues,
The welcome of their balm diffuse.'

Not thus,—not thus thine accents broke
On Paul's awaken'd ear,
When hoarse thy boiling waters spoke,
And mock'd the seaman's fear !
Thrice rose the sun, yet flung his light
Idly upon that triple night,
Wrought by thy wrestlings drear ;
Whilst on thy fickle breast of foam,
Man found nor refuge nor a home !

Rude sea ! hadst thou no sealed charge,
That fearful crew to spare,
To mark, when sank the fragile barge,
Thy Lord's beloved there ?
Yea, tho' thou foam above, below,
Thy bounds are set—thus far may'st go,
Farther thou may'st not dare : ¹
In vain thy billows course their way—
Saved are the souls ! Disgorge thy prey !

And yet, methinks, when Paul once more
Sought thy rude waves to greet,
The rippling waters coursed the shore,
To kiss his sainted feet—
But he nor trusted thee, nor feared ;
Not at thy pleasure safe he steered,
Or 'gainst thy scowlings beat :
He knew Jehovah ruled, as slaves,
Thy myriad host of wanton waves.

He *blamed* thee not—when from thy breast
Thou heavedst him on the sand ;
Bound to obey his Lord's behest,
He kissed his Master's hand :

¹ Job xxxviii. 11.

He *blessed* thee not—when soft thy smile
Beam'd bright on Malta's rock-girt isle,
And wooed him from her strand,
With murmur soft, and calm blue eye,
Once more thy heaving gulphs to try.

He *blessed* thee not, when swift the prow
Shot hither like a dart,
When now stretched Rhegium, and now
Puteoli's ocean-mart—
He knew the gentle hand that led
And smoothed thee like a mother's bed—
Unstable as thou art,—
And placed the sands to bound the tide,
A curb upon thy crested pride!¹

The hand that scoop'd thy waste of waves,
Had stilled their angry roar,
And, day by day, o'er yawning graves,
Guided his ocean-car:
And the same hand would shield him still,
From every snare, from every ill;
Till, led by Bethlehem's star,
He gained, with an expanded sail,
Where wrecking storms no more prevail.

¹ Jer. v. 22.

O for a faith ! the faith of Paul,—
 To rise above things seen ;
To cease to feel and mourn that all
 Are not as might have been :
That ocean, air, the land, the fire,
Might aye celestial thoughts inspire,
 And from earth's pleasures wean—
Then all I think, or hear, or see,
Were token from my God to me.

And thou, fair sea !—for be thy form,
 As spread before my sight,
Or heaved and frothed abroad by storm,
 Or gemmed with twinklings bright—
I love thee for thy Master's sake,
And hail the thoughts thy waves awake,
 Thoughts clothed in mystic might,
That He, who rules in heaven above,
Loves me, his child,—for He is Love.

One hour upon this lonely shore,
 Where Paul before me trod,
Hath lent me wings in hope to soar,
 And commune with my God :
Oh would this fresh'ning southern breeze,
That murmurs gently thro' the trees,
 And spreads their scents abroad,

Bear hither, as my longings rise,
The loaded gales of Paradise!

What is Life's course, by day and night,
But an unstable sea,
Now wrestling in malicious might,
Now frothed in sportive glee—
Why should I heed its restless wiles,
Its heaving wrath, or twinkling smiles,
Its frowns or revelry—
I heed nor blame—it has its hour—
The tool of an Almighty power!

O give me grace, my gracious King,
To take, as from thine hand,
The woes its boisterous tempests bring,
The comforts of its strand—
Then every breeze shall echo, 'Come,'
And every billow waft me home,
To Canaan's blissful land,
Where rolling thunders cease to roar,
And the tossed soul rests evermore!

SANTA LUCIA.

THE VOICE OF THE LORD IS UPON THE WATERS.—PSALM XXIX. 3.

ALAS! the baleful hour!
On evil wings it flew;
When they, who owned their Maker's power,
No more their Maker knew;
No longer dared, if He was nigh,
Lift to His face a filial eye!

Lo! where His thunder's voice
Rolls on the murky air,
Bidding His little ones rejoice,
That He their God is there;
They flee—and fear within their way
A lion roaring for his prey!

True! there is storm abroad,
And foams the raging brine;
Fierce flashings of Jehovah's sword
Athwart the darkness shine;
The labouring tempest heaves its breath,
In sobs, all ominous of death!

Fear spreads his wing around,
Beasts to their covert haste;
Birds flutter wildly at the sound,
And scream along the waste—
E'en yon dark mountain stoops its brow,
And stays its fiery founts below!

Earth trembles to her base!
He comes in swathed gloom;
And bolts of flame before His face,
Proclaim the guilty's doom!
For earth the Heav'ns their tear-drops weep,
As speeds His chariot o'er the deep!

Chief of the works of God,
Let man his Maker hail!
Since, shrinking 'neath the uplifted rod,
The nerves of Nature fail!
Ah me! with foot of fear, aghast,
Man flies before the avenging blast!

But wherefore should I fear,
Or from His presence flee?
It is His well-known voice I hear,
It is His eye I see!
What tho' He come in night and storm,
Throned on dark waves I trace His form!

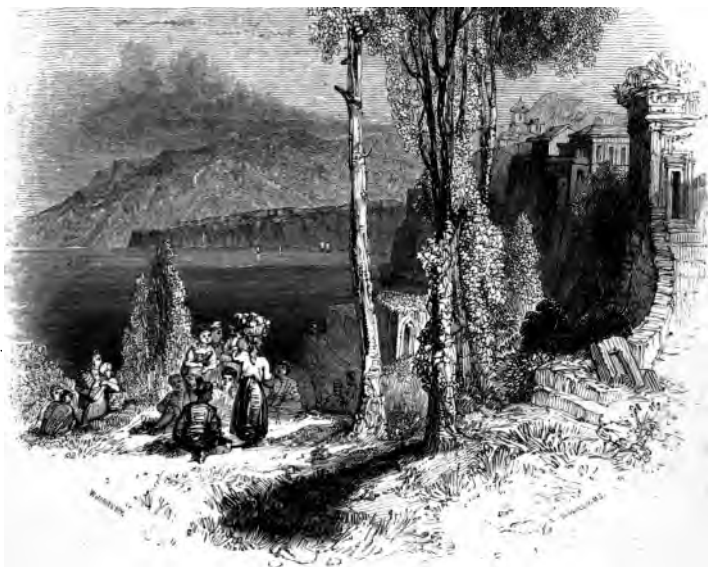
I love to note the waters dash
Their angry foam on high,
I love to mark the broad quick flash
Blaze up the troubled sky,
To hear from out the thick'ning cloud
The thunder mutter in his shroud!

I love to see the storm awake,
Like giant from his sleep,
His cloudy mantle round him shake,
And stalk along the deep:—
To hear each louder peal on high,
Proclaim his sounding footsteps nigh!

I love, as now, to tread the shore,
And note the ridgy wave
Beneath his fitful fury roar,
And topple to its grave;
Then lift its hands, and ask the rock
A refuge from the tempest's shock.

I love it—for I dim behold
The might of that broad hand,
That shields me in its ample fold,
While scourging sea and land ;
That bows the storm, however wild,
To kiss, not kill, his feeble child !

Why should I fear ? one with my Lord,
I know no more His wrath—
The flashing of His judgment-sword,
Can never glare my path—
I fearless stand the storm beside,
If Love the mighty weapon guide !



SORRENTO.

SORRENTO.¹

THE SABBATH.

PRAISE WAITETH FOR THEE, O GOD, IN ZION.—PSALM LXV. 1.

THERE is a voice of praise to-day,
Borne on the breezy air ;
My soul ! wilt thou not share the lay,
Who dost the blessing share ?
More of thy Lord dost thou discern,
Than earth, or sea, or sky ;
Shame ! if from Nature thou must learn,
To raise thy song on high !

The harp of Zion hangs unstrung,
Within the leafy bower ;
And on the winds no more are flung
Its strains of mystic power :
Ages their passing dews have shed,
Since woke a Tasso's fire,
And creepers now, with clinging tread,
Run o'er the slumbering lyre.

¹ The birth place of Torquato Tasso.

From nature up to nature's Lord
He raised his raptured eye,
Attuned, and smote the sounding chord,
In meditation high!
He sang of Zion lost and found,
Fit type of ruined man ;
And saw in smiles of Nature round,
Mercy's redeeming plan.

Where'er his wandering footsteps strayed,
'Mid scenes surpassing song,
Refreshing breezes ceaseless played,
The citron groves among—
Yet e'en on Nature's loveliest seat,
Hath Ruin raised her throne ;
He marked, like leaves beneath his feet,
The spoils of earthquakes strewn.

He saw, where Wrath had trench'd earth's breast,
Down to the sweeping sea,
And headlong smote each rocky crest,
And bowed the mountain's knee ;
Yet o'er the bleak and bare ravine,
As tho' its shame to hide,
Peace had displayed her robe of green,
And spangled it with pride.

Fit scene a Tasso's soul to win,
To a celestial thought ;
How Vengeance tracked the trail of Sin,
How Mercy Pardon wrought !
Here, musing in the deep defile,
I see his youthful eye,
Smile in his Maker's pardoning smile,
And own his mercy nigh.

For all around a verdant shower
Has clothed the scathed crust,
And summoned herb, and tree, and flower,
From plains of burning dust ;
Where ridgy furrows reared their head,
Thick, as a lion's mane,
The trees their deep'ning foliage spread,
And all is bloom again !

Then, art *thou* still, my soul, when all
Thy Maker's love disclose—
Wilt thou not welcome, at their call,
Thy sabbath of repose ?
More of thy Lord dost thou discern
Than earth, or sea, or sky,
Shame ! if from Nature thou must learn
To raise thy song on high !

SALERNO.

**HIS NAME ONLY IS EXCELLENT—HIS GLORY IS ABOVE THE EARTH AND
HEAVEN.—PSALM CXLVIII. 13.**

**I LOVE to see the sun arise,
And fling abroad the day,
While ocean, earth, the air, the skies,
Drink in the living ray—
But rather, rather would I see
One token from my God to me !**

**'Tis sweet to list the rising breeze
Its murmurs softly roll,
Hold converse with the waving trees,
And steal upon the soul—
But sweeter far, where'er I rove,
The voice of Him, whose voice is Love.**

I love to feel the balmy air
Captive the willing sense,
Mantling in haze the prospect fair
With clouds of frankincense—
But more I love, when heats arise,
The fresh'ning breath of Paradise!

Nature has loveliest charms, when bright
She glistens in the beam,
Shedding afar her silvery light
In one refulgent stream—
But Zion's rays are lovelier still,
When pour'd on Tabor's holy hill!

Where'er I gaze, around, below,
Rich worlds of beauty lie—
A balsam for the heart of woe,
Light for the fading eye:
Yet this alone can dry the tear,
To find and feel the Saviour near!

'Tis well to love His earth,
Decked in her robes of state,
To mark her, when renewed in birth,
Upon His bounty wait,
To cast the gladdened eye around,
And feel that all is holy ground.

But if He disappears,
And veils his look of love,
The gayest scene is dimmed by tears,
The thoughts bewildered rove—
Vain the bright sea, and brighter skies,
Vain Man's supremest harmonies.

The spirit turns away—
It cannot, will not rest !
Oh for a mild, celestial ray,
To glad the gloomy breast !
Absent from Him, earth's smiles but seem
The mockery of some golden dream !

Would He light up the land
With an approving smile,
Command the creatures of his hand
Each anxious care beguile,
The rudest wilds the desert knows,
Would blossom gay as Sharon's rose !

May thus the morn's bright wings
Some covenant-blessing bear,
While the wrapt spirit upward springs,
With an anointed prayer—
Saviour ! I bow before Thy throne,
Not for Thy *works*, but *Thee* alone !

CAPRI.¹

ALL IS VANITY AND VEXATION OF SPIRIT.—ECCL. I. 14.

OH what can curb the mind of man,
His fevered thirst allay—
The world, too bounded for his span ;
Too brief, life's little day !

Like captive bird he flutters round,
With bright and quivering plume ;
Yet still his feet, by fetters bound,
Their wonted perch resume.

Here, where the double-crested isle
Springs from the deep-blue sea,
The King of nations sought the smile
Of ceaseless revelry.

¹ The favourite retreat of the Emperor Tiberius.

He swept within its narrow bound,
Whate'er could lure the sense,
Planted his throne, and scattered round
A world's magnificence.

He asked the heav'ns—and high they spread
Their canopy abroad:
He asked the earth—she strewed a bed,
With flowers and fruitage stored.

He asked the sea—she wrought a cave,
Scooped in the secret rock;
And bade him trust her azure wave,
Nor fear the tempest's shock.¹

He asked of man—and lordly halls
Shot up the hills among,
While danced around the festive walls
Pleasure's gay, laughing throng.

But Oh! how vain the wealth of earth,
The smiles of sea and sky!
Who moulded is in human birth,
By human death must die!

¹ La Grotta Azurra.

The vine still climbs yon shadowy rocks—
Still rolls the azure wave—
Man's works survive the earthquake's shocks—
But where the Imperial slave?

Little thought he, in Pleasure's bower,
Weaving a summer-lay,
While basking in life's pride and power,
How sped that life away!

But Time hath rung full many a knell,
And many an age hath fled;
Yet not a voice the tale may tell—
How sleep the mighty dead!

One word—one little word alone,
Records the lowly lot
Of him, who claimed the world his own—
He was—and he is not!

Then let man check each fond desire,
To its due bound confined;
Mortal delights awhile may *fire*,
They cannot *fill* the mind.

Earth's fond pursuits no more his aim,
Let Heav'n command his gaze;
Sin's loud applause, his deepest shame—
Its scorn, his highest praise.

Let one sole wish pervade the breast,
Which erst ten thousand fired ;
To rest within the Source of rest,
By heav'nly love inspired ;

Then shall he find, where blessings meet,
No more seduced to roam—
In Jesu's house, at Jesu's feet,
His everlasting home !

VESUVIUS.

GOD IS LOVE.—1 JOHN IV. 16.

I KNOW Him as a God of love !
For He hath given to me my breath,
For He hath shielded me from death,
For He hath died to make me His,
Hath sealed to me eternal bliss ;
A sonship to His creature given,
The crown and heritage of heav'n.
Hence in my breast, and in my eye,
Awakes a fire that cannot die ;
I gaze up to the heav'ns above,
And own Him as a God of love !

I know Him as a God of love !
The sun, that shines so bright on high,
And wakes the life his beams supply,—

The placid moon and stars, that keep
Their silent watch, while myriads sleep,
Or, if a wanderer meet their sight,
Lend their kind lustre thro' the night;
The sea, that spreads her restless form,
Or smoothed, or dashed abroad by storm;
Earth with her breast of bounty strewn,
For man an offered board and throne;
The flowers, that gem the spreading vale,
And fling their odours on the gale;
The little birds upon the wing,
That heav'nward soar, and soaring sing;
The lowing kine, soft pacing by,
With tinkling bell, and speaking eye;
The lizard green, and spotted snake,
Rustling their terrors in the brake;
The teeming hosts around, above,
In harmony their voices blending,
The concave wide of heav'n rending,
The strain re-echo—*God is love!*

I know Him as a God of love!
E'en here, where fire and storm contend,
And in one mass their forces blend;
Where iron is the blackened soil,
And steaming vapours eddying boil;

While, from the scoop'd abyss beneath,
The blasting of his anger's breath
Roars upward, as a fiend were there,
Chained to the wheel of his despair ;
Where cones of living fire around,
Circle the baked and burning ground,
While crystal wreathes their light diffuse
In brilliance of ten thousand hues—
Yet even here, on Sinai's mount,
Beside the liquid lava's fount,
'Mid plains of burning barrenness,
Without a sun the eye to cheer,
Or star to beam, or breeze to bless,
'Mid sounds of woe, and sights of fear—
Where'er I turn, where'er I rove,
I know Him as a God of love !

True ! I am here a helpless worm,
A leaf, the plaything of the storm ;
Where might my scorched footsteps haste,
If the bold flames within that roar,
Like waters on a broken shore,
Should, thundering, burst the blackened waste,
In reckless turbulence of power,
And down a fiery tempest shower ;
While rolls, with hardening trail, amain,
An iron deluge to the plain !

Could thy frail arm, poor worm of clay !
Withstand it on its headlong way,
Stem the red tide, and fearless raise
Thy head unscathed amid the blaze ?
Alas ! a child of dust, my arm
Is weaker than the weakest bough,
Nor may I boast a heathen charm,
To still or chain the fiends below !
Yet ONE there is who works His will,
And He would be my Refuge still ;
A shelter for His own provide,
A Zoar on the mountain's side !
I see Him on His throne above,
And feel secure—for *God is love !*

What though it meet that Sovereign will,
To loose the fire upon His child,
In all its burst of fury wild,
And bid it smite, and smite to kill—
What though he check his aiding hand,
As sinks the crust whereon I stand,
And on my head the tempest fall,
Despite my prayer—despite my call,—
Though the red lava course the side
And overwhelm me in its molten tide,
Or thickening vapours, fraught with death,
My head embathe and suck my breath ;

Amid the flame I'll sound His praise,
For just and righteous are His ways.
It is His hand—what though He slay !
He gave, then let Him take away !
No more I view my mother earth,
She gives me death, who gave me birth ;
Yet what her burning mass to me ?
Elijah's car of victory !
She slays the body ; but the soul,
In its Redeemer's presence blest,
Where fiery floods may never roll,
Basks joyous in eternal rest,
Chanting the lay, 'mid hosts above,
I know—I know my GOD IS LOVE !

THE BAY OF NAPLES.

HE SITTETH UPON THE WATER-FLOOD.—PSALM XXIX. 10.

IN our frail bark we lie ;
And, as we watch the waste of waters drear,
Gloomily heaving 'neath the louring sky,
How sweet the thought, 'mid dread of danger nigh,
That He is near !

Though dark the night, nor moon
Nor stars look out, the restless eye to cheer ;
Yon lightning-flash, or phosphor-gleam, a boon
Of blessings notes, as bright as blaze of noon,
For He is near !

Though sullen be the roar
Of Ocean's swell, loud booming on the ear,
And deep its bellowing on the distant shore ;
He rules the water-flood, throned evermore,
And He is near !

Though no spice-bearing trees
Steal on the sense, and spring the memory's tear,
While thoughts of past delights the affections seize,—
These nightly winds breathe sweet as evening breeze,
For He is near !

Though helpless in our need,
The sport of the rude storm our bark appear,
And ruder sea, which, like an o'er-fed steed,
Joys in its strength, and glories in its deed ;
Yet He is near !

Then let the unconscious wave
Roll onward with the winds,—we need not fear !
Though swift the tempest rushes from its cave,
And the sea lap to whelm us in its grave ;
Yet He is near !

He bows the darksome sky,
And bids the noisy flood his mandate hear ;
While shrink the awe-struck waves, and sweeping by
Utter their voice, and lift their hands on high,¹
For He is near !

Thus, through the boiling sea,
He landward bears secure His children dear,
And bids SORRENTO'S rocks our haven be ;
But sea or land, calm, storm, alike to me,
Since He is near !

¹ Hab. iii. 10.

VILLA REALE.

AT THE BASE OF THE STATUE OF MINERVA.

THEY THAT MAKE A GRAVEN IMAGE ARE ALL OF THEM VANITY, AND
THEIR DELECTABLE THINGS SHALL NOT PROFIT.—ISAIAH XLIV. 9.

STERN statue of an elder time !
When Wisdom flourished in her prime,
Without one Christian grace !
Here at thy foot I rest awhile ;
Not to bestow a votary's smile,
Or shade the adoring face.

I may not bow me at thy shrine,
Or pay thee dues of corn and wine,
Though but a child of earth :
If I am dust—thou art but stone,
And while man raised thee on thy throne,
God gave my being birth.

Thy brows, which laurels long have worn,
Are clouded now, as though in scorn,
 Since offering I have none ;
Yet care I nothing for thy frown,
But, weary, sit me patient down,
 While shielded from the sun ;

Nor grudge the service of thy shade ;
Better as now to lend thine aid,
 Than stand a queen confessed—
Full many hast thou made to toil,
In search of evanescent spoil ;
 Now give the weary rest.

Here men have raised a sylvan bower,
Where spreading tree, and glowing flower,
 Perfume the stilly air—
Poets would style thee yet divine,
And haste to offer at thy shrine,
 The sentimental prayer.

But I, in sooth, have nought to pay ;
For tho' a creature of the day,
 I have a higher claim
To this small plot of wooded ground,
My Father's hand hath scattered round,
 Than thou of mystic name !

True! as thy lineaments I trace,
I could admire each nameless grace,
And weave thee many a lay;
But when I count the souls that now,
Erst bowed to thee, in hell must bow—
Black is thy brightest ray!

I note within thy fixed eye,
A glance of flame that cannot die,
Tho' sealed in carved stone,
Since thou hast dared the god-head claim;
For GREAT and GLORIOUS is His name,
Who will no rival own!

The sun shines bright, and tells each day,
As on he speeds his jocund way,
The goodness of his God;
But when thine image meets his view,
He hurls thee, blackened in thy hue,
Prone on the dewy sod.

The trees, with arms entwining, stand,
And open wide each leafy hand,
To shield thee from the storm;
Yet when the Autumn winds are high,
On thy pure breast the dead leaves lie,
And stain thy pearl-white form,

The breezes of the ambient air,
That now in Nature's gladness share,
 Embalming thee with sweets,
When stirred by angry winds, awake,
O'er thy proud head their mantles shake,
 And down the tempest beats.

All things dishonor thee—in vain
Thou glancest round with stern disdain,
 And bid'st the winds obey ;
When loosened on their wings of wrath,
They joy to smite thee in their path,
 And laugh at thine array.

All things dishonor thee—save man,
Who, framed his Maker's works to scan,
 And hear his Maker's word,
Bows 'fore the shadow of a shade,
The image vain his hands have made,
 And saith—Thou art my Lord!

But I from this debasement flee,
Nor bend to stocks th' adoring knee,
 Nor raise the votive lay :
I love to mark a beauteous stone—
But when it climbs its Maker's throne,
 I loathe, and turn away!

POZZUOLI.

WHERE WE FOUND BRETHREN, AND WERE DESIRED TO TARRY WITH
THEM SEVEN DAYS. ACTS XXVIII. 14.

I SAW one step from off the wave,
Led by an armed band ;
Not his the bearing of a slave,
Tho' manacled his hand—
Who looked his eye within might find
The freedom of the immortal mind.

His brow was white with age or care,
His withered cheek was pale ;
But o'er the sorrows seated there,
The smiles of peace prevail,
Gilding the glance of mental pain,
Like a bright ' shining after rain.'¹

¹ 2 Sam. xxiii. 4.



POZZUOLI

Troubled he seemed—yet hushed and still ;
Perplext—yet not distrest ;
Sorrows, yet joys, his pledge-cup fill ;
Fears, and yet hopes, his breast—
'Twas strange ! who watched his changing mien,
Had deemed a two-fold world within.

On his hoar locks the sun-rays gleamed,
As slow he paced the strand :
I pitied him, as one who seemed
A stranger in the land—
Hard was his lot, whate'er his crime,
Dragged captive to a foreign clime.

When lo ! from out the throng, who came
That sea-worn band to meet,
Ran one, uncheck'd by fear or shame,
The prisoner bound to greet—
And, as long lost, yet found again,
Hung on his neck, and loosed his chain.

Brother he was not, for his tongue
Bespake another clime ;
Nor friend of youth—the accents rung—
Redeem'd by envious Time :
No brother,—friend ? then who was he,
To wake a brother's sympathy ?

Their eyes had never met before,
Yet wrought the secret spell,
Straight owned upon a heathen shore—
Christ's love unspeakable!
Oh what the joy to find on earth
A brother of the second birth!

Ah then! a week of love and bliss,
Puteoli! was thine!
Nor yet with thee the harlot-kiss,
With thee, the traitor-sign!
Tho' small the flock,—their words of love
Were heard, and treasured up above.¹

But richest seasons pass—and night
Sets on the loveliest sky;
And meeting-smiles, however bright,
Forebode the parting sigh.
No Joshua's hand the sun-beam stays;
How bright—how brief, those seven days!

The seed was scattered thick—the soil
Bore promise rich of fruit;
And Hope sat by to reap her toil,
And watch the seedlings shoot;
But blasting winds have swept the bay,
And the gay blossoms, where are they?

¹ Mal. iii. 16.

Could'st thou not guard the seed, thus sown,
From storms and blighting dews ;
While the world's wealth around was strown,
Gemm'd with her thousand hues ?
Woes me ! thy soil but proved its grave,
Or spurned it on the rolling wave.

Yet, nursed by heav'n, it cannot die,
Tho' on the waters borne ;
It blooms beneath a northern sky,
In fields of waving corn ;
And Albion's shore the birth-right finds,
Thou had'st—but scatter'dst to the winds.

Thou wert a mart of nations then,
When Rome the sceptre sway'd ;
And wealth of earth, and vows of men,
Upon thy shrines were laid :
Fill'd was thy horn with corn and wine—
The glory of a world was thine !

But since thou scorn'dst thy Lord to greet,
Thy earth-born treasures fail ;
The rippling waters kiss thy feet,
But bear no snow-white sail ;
Thy wealth—thy beauty—thy renown,
Are with the seeds of blessing gone.

All things have pluck'd thy power—the sea
Hath laughed thy works to scorn;
While nature holds her revelry
'Mid Jove's proud fane forlorn;
And on the ruins of thy pride,
The cells of woe and want abide.

God winks at ignorance, nor withholds
His outward mercies' store—
But when he heav'nly gifts unfolds,
And bids men sin no more,
Who spurn the boon,—the grace withstand,
Loose judgments o'er a guilty land!

Sad lot! to lose all Man had given,
Nor know what God can give;
Flung from the earth, to win not heaven,
Dead, with a name to live;
While beams the Sun, to sleep in night,
Nor feel his warmth, nor own his light!

Yet thus it is—who spurn His sheep
Wake up His burning ire;
Who sow the wind must ever reap
The whirlwind as their hire.
Is this *thy* gain, Puteoli?
So lost!—Who would not weep for thee!

THE TEMPLES OF PÆSTUM.

SONNET.

LONE wrecks of ages gone! whose very roar
Hath died i' th' distance—ye have known no change
But touch of years, while all around is strange,
Save the wild waves that sweep yon bending shore!
How have ye charmed Time, that he no more
Should seek your ruin, nor the gentle Earth
Estrange from your rude forms the love she bore,
When with wreath'd flowers she garlanded your birth?
What *would* ye—tarrying here, when all are fled;—
Your matted altars left, the lizards' play;
Sucking the dews of death among the dead,
Clinging to earth, and wrestling with decay?
Sham'd of your heathen gods—ye will not die,
Till man redress foul wrong, and plant Christ's cross on high.

/

Alas! she loves night's gloomy reign,
Nor joys to see the sun regain
The throne of morn, but pours disdain
 On his fierce power;
While o'er the mountain-girdled plain
 Death's dew-damps lour!

Slow rising from their oozy bed,
Thin wreathy clouds uprear their head,
While fetid odours round us spread,
 In vapours curled;
As though the burial-place we thread
 Of a dead world!

Are these the tributes earth may bring?
Then linger not—around you fling
Your robe of health, and vigorous spring
 O'er paths unseen,
Shooting, like swallow on the wing,
 The groves between.

Rude marsh of evil! far and near,
Frail man hath cast, with hand of fear,
Within thy jaws, each changing year,
 Treasures untold;
Tho' what to his fond soul so dear
 As hard-earned gold?

Mid varying centuries of renown,
The royal and the triple crown
Have joined in this, by smile or frown—
 In nought beside—
To melt thy rugged temper down,
 And curb thy pride.

And still from forth his open chest,
Man pours his wealth upon thy breast,
Blessings of earth, to thee unblest;
 And begs thee give
One little boon—a fond request—
 To let him *live* !

Heav'n aids his prayer, and at his call,
Rich dews and genial showers fall ;
While, stepping from his lordly hall,
 Gleams the fair sun—
But thou, self-seeker ! grasping all,
 Returnest none !

Vainly he woes thy smile—thy thirst
Insatiate still—his gold immersed
Rots in thy womb, alike accursed,
 Nor yields his sight,
Aught from a soil so dearly nursed,
 But *means for flight* !

For still thy wastes their poisons bear,
Despite man's wealth, despite man's prayer;
Thou liest, like lion in his lair,
 Eager for prey—
He breathes of death who breathes thine air,
 And speeds away !

And such is Earth beneath the curse ;
Since Sin hath dared its bounds immerse
In sin, what may it disemburse,
 But poison's breath ?
The grave-yard of the Universe !
 The Throne of Death !

Time speeds his course—Man works the while,
To win the marshy desert's smile,
If aught his sorrows may beguile,
 But makes at best,
A smoother passage, by his toil,
 To the tomb's rest.

For cursed the earth, since Satan reigns ;
And all man's prayers, and all man's pains,
The wisdom that with him remains,
 His blood and treasure—
Leave it—its glory and its gains,
 At Satan's pleasure.

"Twas curst—'tis curst—while it endure,
No hand its maladies may cure,
Knife cannot probe, nor balm allure ;
 The seeds still rot :
Man *can* not make a stained world pure,
 And God *will* not !

"Twas curst—'twas doomed ! forth rushed the wave
Nor arm nor prayer availed to save,
Earth sank into its billowy grave—
 Yet all in vain !
A world of waters could not lave
 Away guilt's stain !

"Twas curst—'tis doomed ! again the word
Wakes up the wrath-fire of the Lord,
As when the flood of waters roared
 Upon its prey ;
Not to refine—but, as a sword,
 Ruthless to slay !

The doom is sealed ! but He, whose name
Is aye immutably the same,
As when in robes of flesh he came,
 Returns to seek,
And pluck, from the devouring flame,
 The poor and meek.

Then, springing at her Lord's behest,
A bride, in bridal garments drest,
The new earth spreads her stainless breast,
Nor knows alloy,
But yields the weary wanderer rest
In endless joy !

Hence, as we speed along, and mark
The sun gleam o'er the vapours dark,
And list the voice of rising lark,
And watch its form—
We haste—like frail and sea-worn bark,
That dreads the storm !

Behind—the travelled desert lies ;
Before—the gales of health arise ;
The beams of morning gild our eyes,
As on we roam—
The toil, the dangers we despise,
In thoughts of home !

NARNI.

' We entered the Cathedral, and found it ornamented with festoons of black drapery, in honour of the Bishop, just deceased. The temporary sarcophagus, covered with rich velvet, stood in the centre. His chair, according to custom, was reversed. On the gate was a printed notification of the decease, and an admonition to prayer, that a pious and vigilant pastor might be appointed to succeed.' M.S.

LIST to the sounds of widowed wail,
O'er wooded hill, and vine-clad dale !
From Cæsar's arches echoing far,
They mingle with the brawling Nar.
Go, where the temple rears on high
Its breast athwart the azure sky,
Nor ask what springs the sorrowing city's tear,
For lo ! the throne reversed—and lo ! the mitred bier.

Mourn ye your Shepherd? 'mid the gloom
What accents issue from the tomb?
' Let not the dead bemoan the dead,
' Up! for his days of toil are sped!
' The voice of wail, the voice of care,
' O change it for the voice of prayer!
' There stands who opes and shuts His gates at will—
' He bids you press your suit, ere He his aim fulfil.'

The minutes haste, than gold more dear—
Come, take your stand beside the bier!
Ask of your King, nor bow the knee
To minions of idolatry.
All power he claims in earth and heav'n;
O press your suit from morn to even!
Ask of your gods, ye gain but Death's deep swoon—
Ask of the God of gods, and He will grant your boon.

Ye need a SHEPHERD-ruler, who shall own
Despite the world, no god but God alone!
One, who shall pour thro' vales the cooling rill,
And bid each thirsty soul his vessel fill;
Rebuke the virgin-mother, should she shade
The hallowed manger, where her babe is laid,
And bold, tho' frowns of men and devils lour,
Lift high the Son of God, and claim His Spirit's power!

Ye need a BAPTIST—who his staff shall rear,
Plead his Lord's cause, nor face of mortal fear;
Denounce the front of vice, 'mid royal scorn,
And meek endure the martyr's crown of thorn!
Ye need a PAUL—to scale the bounds of heav'n,
And freely give, what freely has been given:
A JAMES—to draw all judgments from above;
A JOHN—to tinge all acts with rosy hues of love.

Ye need a PETER—not to awe the land
By brow of lordly rule, and sceptered hand;
Forcing the prostrate world his will obey,
And at the sword-point heralding his way—
Oh! not to such did Christ his power entrust,
But to a Peter, humbled in the dust,
Exalted high, to point to Adam's race,
How deep the depths of sin—how strong a Saviour's grace.

Plead! 'tis a boon of thousands! Lo, He stands,
With covenant-blessings countless as the sands!
Without the sun, where beams the light of day?
Without the word, what points the heaven-ward way?
O do ye still to idol-gods repair?
Is not the bliss of heaven worth a prayer?
Haste to His feet, who frees the fettered soul,
And bid these vine-spread hills the loud Hosannas roll!

THE FIRE-FLY.

WHAT wouldst thou, twinkler of the night !
Thus skimming o'er my path ?
Say, is the message of thy light
Of mercy or of wrath ?

Alike to Him, who sits on high,
What brings His lov'd command ;
A bright-winged seraph from the sky,
Or insect of the sand.

A moving speck of brilliant light,
I mark thy wanton way ;
One little moment sunk in night,
Then bursting into day.

Now twinkling 'mid the covert-shade,
Like an imprisoned star ;
Now shooting swift the upland glade,
Gay gleaming from afar.

Now in the dust, now winging high,
So wayward, yet so bright;
Thou seem'st some fairy from the sky,
Embodied in her flight.

Not thus, where spreads our northern damp,
Glistening the moon beneath;
The glow-worm trims her pallid lamp,
And lights the lonely heath.

Low shrunk within her leafy nest,
She shuns man's searching eye;
And deems her lot then chiefly blest,
When none but God is nigh.

Less swift of wing, less gaily dight,
Mild as an autumn-day;
She shines with a more placid light,
And more enduring ray.

Whilst thou, all busy in thy pride,
Disown'st the leafy screen;
Most eager, where the most abide,
To see, and to be seen.

Each hath its place, and owns His power,
Who bade it live to shine:
Each gladdens gay the midnight hour,
With its peculiar sign.

So Fancy sports her flickering flight,
 Beneath a summer clime ;
So Reason waves her steady light,
 Among the snows of time.

I hail them both—for Reason sways,
 In Passion's murkiest hour ;
While Fancy cheers by her wild ways,
 Where storms of Sorrows lour.

The one, in hotter climes hath caught,
 A ray of summer-noon ;
The other, meek, her robe hath wrought,
 From spangles of the moon.

Let Reason then her rule maintain,
 Where plains of Albion lie ;
Nor grudge a wayward Fancy reign,
 Beneath a southern sky.

FOLIGNO.¹

WHICH SHAKETH THE EARTH OUT OF HER PLACE, AND THE PILLARS
THEREOF TREMBLE—JOB IX. 6.

COME! let us linger on this green parterre,
And mark the changeful tints of an Italian eve
Fade o'er the Appenine! How to a soul disturbed
All things around breathe calmness and repose,
From the deep blue of the mid-sky—that spreads
Her universal robe, on whose rich skirts
The fiercer radiance of the western sun
Burns in unshaded gold—to the pale pink,
That clothes as with a veil the mountain's side!
How nature gladdens with a sober joy,
While spring the promised corn, and oil, and wine,
From teeming soils, as when Jehovah's smile
Beamed on His finished works, and in His rest
Pronounced them *good*! Who can but read,
In this broad volume of his Maker's power,
His Maker's love!

¹ Foligno every where presents marks of devastation caused by the recent earthquake—churches dismantled, houses along the streets shaken out of the perpendicular, supported by transverse beams. The nave of S. Maria degli Angeli at some distance from the town, one of the finest churches in Italy, is almost entirely destroyed.

Now turn your gaze awhile !

What means that broad, red glare, that burns
Like a seven-fold heated furnace, and throws out
In dark relief, domes, towers, and battlemented walls,
Gleaming thro' opening rents, as tho' one wide
And waste volcano wrought Foligno's doom !
How reads the fiery sign ? Why sinks the sun
With such a scowl upon the city's pride,
Thus fearfully to rest ? It tells a tale
Of sin and suffering to a rebel world !
It tells a tale of judgment past, wrath unappeas'd,
Of judgment future, when the cup is full !
Behind Foligno's walls—'ere yet a lustrum gone—
Thus loured the burning sun, with eye of wrath,
And brow of portent ! Mark her thoughtless sons !
Some hither stray to inhale the evening breeze,
Burdened with scents ; while some, with noisy mirth,
Call up the hours that gather into night,
And wake them to the service of the day ;
Others betake them weary to their homes :
Full many a blazing sun had fired their towers,
What cared they for the sign ! Unmindful thus
Of God, the proofs of mercy or of wrath,
Past gifts or future judgments, they beseech
Their wonted rest to soothe their wonted toil !
All now court sleep—save where, in her lone streets,
Some nightly reveller, to sin's service sold,

Reckons his wage of death. Sudden, a low
And deep'ning murmur, as from distant hills,
Rolls on the stilly air, and the waked earth
With trembling motion heaved, as tho' it feared
The doom of those it roused—while each, with start,
Springs from his slumber. Then, with rushing sound,
As tho' the fountains of the deep were burst,
And knocked for exit at the earth's closed breast—
It shook, as if impatient of its load,
With a convulsive shock. All headlong rushed
Tower, temple, dome; the palace and the cot,
In one commingled ruin—then the moan,
The cries distracted of bereaved love,
The wail of suffering, and the shriek of fear;
With calls, and broken prayers of wakened sin,
Driven by the scourge to seek some arm of strength,
Rend the choked air. Dread, doubt, and fell remorse,
And gaunt despair, and death, like ruthless foes
Had ta'en the city sleeping. Men wildly rush
From unknown perils to an unknown aid,
And crowd the temples with their present woes,
Led by their shepherd. He the while, no wolf
Fearing in time of woe, hies with his flock
Where terror drives them, soothing doubt with words,
Bidding them seek their God, who now had laid,
Not for His pleasure, but their crying sins,
His hand upon their ancient city's crown!

‘ O turn to Him your Judge, from whose commands
Deeply ye have revolted.’

Still stands Foligno !

Mercy hath staid the blow, put back the arm,
And said—‘ *It is enough !*’ Man’s dwellings stand
Like soldiers on a recent battle-field,
Stricken and wounded—each to other lends
His broken aid, till the next battle-shock
Strews their dead forms, like last of Autumn leaves,
A scattered carpet on the Earth’s cold breast,
Reading this moral to the passer by :
There is in truth a God to judge the earth !

Were then the dwellers on this vine-clad hill
More deeply sunk in slumber, that God’s hand
Thus shook them, till they leaned upon their crutch,
And staggered, as a drunkard, to his fall ?
Did their sins rise a dark and denser cloud
Than those of others ? O forbear to judge !
Where all alike, God chooses, as He may,
Who bear His warnings to their fellow-men !
Beware, lest as the doomed by Siloam’s tower,
Ye also perish ! Heaped the pit of wrath,
And hot the flame, and broad, tho’ yet unseen,
The workings of his ministers of wrath,
Tarrying a moment, till his cup be full,

And His arm bared. Ye see His heavy hand
Laid on each shattered rock and fallen dome,
Crushed arch, and broken column. Who shall say
He will not march in anger thro' the land,
And plant you on the borders of the pit
Whence never ye return? Then sweet to read
A Father's love, e'en where his vengeance-fire
Burns hottest—sweet to watch the raging storm,
And crashing devastations of his wrath,
And crowd beneath His wing—in good or ill,
To claim the seal and heritage of Heav'n!
Is this thy lot, Foligno! planted thus
O'er founts of flame, that gild earth's secret caves,
Flashing in restless energy to find a vent,
And work their mission—say, is this thy lot,
To know Jehovah thine, and feel his love?
Then fear them not—these messengers of ill!
But if no pledge be thine of pardoned sin,
Well may'st thou fear—not earth's rude shock,
Or molten tempest of volcanic fire,
But him, who wakes to being with a touch
Each mighty engine, and directs its power
As his will guides—to scourge or to destroy.
O turn to Him, who hath the might to crush,
Who hath the will to spare—turn, and your souls shall live—
Turn, and these shattered domes shall speak His praise,
Who wounds to heal—who smites, that he may save!

THE LAKE OF THRASIMENE.

EVERY BATTLE OF THE WARRIOR IS WITH CONFUSED NOISE, AND
GARMENTS ROLLED IN BLOOD.—ISA. IX. 5.

HARK to the din of death ! as loud
From mount to mount its echoes beat,
While, 'neath yon canopy of cloud,
The hosts of warring nations meet !
No hired bands their fortune cast ;
The soul is in yon trumpet-blast,
It speeds yon arrowy sleet ;
And what but blood that fight can stay,
Where living hate alone hath sway !

The light of heav'n beams from afar,
Lifts high the veil that shuts the scene ;
Bursts on the eye the pomp of war,
Along thy banks, fair Thrasimene !

Tho' louring night hath sought her lair,
The night of passion still is there,
 The darker far, I weene ;
While foot to foot, and hand to hand,
Rome wrestles o'er the shrinking strand.

The love of home, the dread of shame,
 The swellings of indignant pride,
The glory of the Roman name,
 Which cannot deem itself belied ;
These fix to earth the soldier's foot,
That clings, like some oak's deep'ning root,
 When tempests o'er it ride,
Till owns the scathed and riven form
The blasting of this Southern storm.

Thus Roman wrestles with his foe,
 And steps into his sword-dug grave ;
While, with alternate ebb and flow,
 The mass rocks, like a thwarted wave ;
From far, the flashing sabre's light
Glances like phosphor-gleams by night,
 Where fights and falls the brave ;
And echoing dell and mountain round
With shout of harsh rebuke resound !

O'erborne by a remorseless foe,
Rome stoops her broken crest of pride,
And in this hour of deepest woe,
Swift speeds along the mountain-side ;
Hate riots in the deep defile,
While cruel Death, with ghastly smile,
Sits grim the hosts beside ;
And o'er the lake a blood-red stream
Glistens beneath the rising beam !

Hushed are all sounds of battle now,
And hushed the widow's wail ;
Peace crowns with flowers the mountain's brow,
And Pleasure spreads her sail.
From day to day thou rear'st thy breast,
In nature's balmy blessings blest ;
And hill and lowly dale,
With garland of the richest green,
Shine in thy face, fair Thrasimene !

It is the Sabbath-eve ! alone
I wander by thy shore,
Where every shrub and moss-clad stone,
Breathe of historic lore :

'Tis sweet to muse o'er days gone by,
Then lift to Him the adoring eye,
Who stills the battle's roar,
And think how soon the hand of Time
Must close its page of blood and crime !

Sweet hour of eve ! quick to his cave
Sinks down the blazing sun,
Flinging his glories o'er the wave,
'Ere yet his race be run—
Lo, as he dies, he lifts his gaze,
Up to the zenith shoots his rays,
Blending all hues in one,
And bids each beam, that wanders by,
Cast its last glance, as first, on high !

Yield me a beam, fair sun, to ascend,
Up to the mount of God,
For all around their aid shall lend,
E'en to the leafless rod !
The milk-white kine, with gentle eye,
The birds, that shoot the azure sky,
The insect of the sod,
The little flies, that gleam so bright,
Like earth-born stars, the live-long night,

The dusky groves, the mountain's brow,
The still, smooth, glassy lake—
All woo the mind to converse now,
Loved for their Master's sake.
My spirit, tossed abroad with storm,
Sees in His works the Saviour's form,
And would to Him awake,
And list His voice from lake and hill—
' My child ! why tremblest thou ? be still ! '

Lord, I am still ! breathe on my soul,
Balm of a Sabbath-eve !
While gathering shades around me roll,
Thy blessing with me leave !
The sun may set—if thou arise
Darkness no longer clouds the skies,
Nor snares their meshes weave—
With Thee the storms of passion cease,
And all is Happiness and Peace.

FLORENCE.

AS THE MOUNTAINS ARE ROUND ABOUT JERUSALEM, SO THE LORD IS
ROUND ABOUT HIS PEOPLE, FROM HENCEFORTH EVEN FOR EVER.

PSALM CXXV. 2

SEE Florence, on the broad earth's breast
Lie, like a lioness at rest,
Her deeds of vengeance done;
Tho' dark and bristling yet her mane,
Harmless, she stretches on the plain,
And slumbers in the sun.

Many her works of might—but now
Time settles on her furrowed brow,
And Peace soothes each alarm :
Shorn of her strength, if foes are nigh,
Up to the hills she lifts her eye,
And trusts another arm.



FLORENCE.

The mountains girdle her around ;
Yet is their aid but faithless found,
 When burns the fierce sun-beam :
Afar they stand, and grudge their shade ;
While their bleached sides, all bare displayed,
 Glare down a blighting stream.

So, when hoarse Winter flaps his wings,
And round his rustling mantle flings,
 And caps his head with snow ;
On their jagged tops the storm awakes,
There gathers strength—and roughly shakes
 Its roaring blasts below.

Fair Florence shrinks—while laugh the hills,
And every stream its vessel fills
 To swell the Arno's bound—
She casts upon the troubled sky,
A glance of her reproachful eye,
 And trembles at the sound.

Jehovah guards Jerusalem
Not thus—but as a precious gem,
 From storm and sunny heat ;
Nor mocks her with a feigned display,
Then in the dark and cloudy day,
 Rejects her from His feet.

Ah no ! all sheltered by His side,
Tho' high the sun of trouble ride,
And burns his scorching beam ;
The Lord surrounds, and shields his flock,
And makes e'en Horeb's flinty rock
Pour a refreshing stream.

When Satan speeds in anger by,
And muttering tempests rise on high,
To shake the eternal hill,
He will not let the winds control
Of His loved charge the feeblest soul,
But bids the storm : ' Be still ! '

Sweet thus, to mark, when heats abound,
The everlasting hills around,
And find a Saviour there—
To know, when roars the sounding storm,
That He, who sways its angry form,
Himself is swayed by prayer.

Here would I, while on earth, abide,
Close covered by the mountain-side,
My shield and hiding-place ;
Till I behold—life's troubles o'er—
My God of glory evermore,
Who was my God of grace !

A SABBATH AMONG THE APPENINES.

THOU THAT DWELLEST IN THE GARDENS, THE COMPANIONS HEARKEN
TO THY VOICE—CAUSE ME TO HEAR IT.—CANT. VIII. 13.

It is His own, His Sabbath-day,
His voice is busy in my heart—
I must from earthly thoughts away,
And go to muse with Him apart !
Tho' in my soul the weight of woe,
And on my brow the lines of care,
He would not now His grace bestow,
Did He design to spurn my prayer.

The hills that hem this little dell,
And rear their wooded forms on high,
Alike the summer-beams repel,
And bid afar the wintry sky—

Where Solitude hath framed a bower,
And Shade hath spread her noon-tide night,
He comes, to fill the lonely hour,
He shines—and where he shines, 'tis light.

My roving soul He bids me bound
Within this scene of sky and grove,
Here own the marks of holy ground,
Here meet the objects of his love;
Tho' hushed the chimes of Sabbath-praise,
And not a track of man appear—
The Lord himself a shrine shall raise,
Nor lack a Sabbath-service here.

These clustering trunks of stately trees,
Like columns of some gothic aisle,
Rise, undisturbed by summer-breeze,
A God-framed, God-accepted pile!
Here may I bend th' uncovered head,
Fresh homage to my Master swear,
Since here a chequered couch is spread,
For foot of praise, or knee of prayer.

Nor lonely is my duty paid,
Though to the eye of man alone;
For many a hand is stretched to aid,
And bear my offerings to the throne.

Around the lowly altar stand,
With ear attent, and heav'n-ward eye,
A thronging, bright, angelic band,
To waft my incense to the sky.

For FAITH is here, though weak and frail,
And tottering with infantine feet,
Her voice is strong her Lord to hail,
And firm she grasps the mercy-seat—
And LOVE, that like a sister clings,
With eye as clear as beam of day,
And ardent HOPE, with fluttering wings,
All restless in her cage of clay.

And who is she, that shrinks behind
With so serene and sweet a smile,
And finger raised, lest some rude wind
Should murmur through the leafy aisle,
Leading yon sylph in silken bond,
Who hides her face beneath her wings?
—'Tis PEACE, with her own olive-wand,
And JOY, who shades the bliss she brings.

And nearer to my station crowd,
In vesture stained with many a tear,
Pale SORROW, 'neath her burden bowed;
PATIENCE, that soothes her sister FEAR—

And many more to memory known,
Heart linked to heart, and hand to hand—
How can I deem myself alone,
So blest—'mid such a goodly band !

They know each want, they know each grief,
They throng with me His mercy's throne,
With me they kneel to urge relief,
My nearest woes they claim their own—
They cheer my soul with many a sign,
Each doubt repress, and hush each fear ;
Sweet smile in every smile of mine,
And weep in every gushing tear.

One is our object,—one our aim,
Whene'er a sacred rite I pay ;
They own with me the SAVIOUR'S name,
They own with me the SAVIOUR'S day !
While they my feeble service share,
Here it is good for me to be ;
Each spot becomes a house of prayer,
Each day a Sabbath-day to me !

THE BATHS OF LUCCA.

I WILL TRIUMPH IN THE WORKS OF THY HANDS.—PSALM XCII. 4.

LACKEST thou *peace* ? doth Conscience spread
A thorny pillow for thy head ?
Would Satan fain again control
The inner movements of thy soul ?
Come, range with me this sylvan glade,
For peaceful meditation made,

Perchance the voice of God may sound,
Where spring His works, so brightly beaming,
From Earth's broad bosom richly teeming—
And note that this is holy ground !

Whose hand awakes the gentle breeze,
That murmurs in the waving trees,
Swaying their verdant tops, to fan,
And kiss the brow of restless man ?

Who guides and checks the little rill,
Which prattles, as it speeds its way,
And to thy spirit seems to say—
‘ Let every harsher sound be still,
‘ For sigh and moan can ne’er agree
‘ With my light-hearted revelry ;
‘ And He, who bade me dance along,
‘ And to His glory raise my song,
‘ Would not His child should sit and wail,
‘ While I am by to tell my tale ? ’
No sound of tempest is abroad,
No wintry blasts from ocean blowing,
But lulling waters, ceaseless flowing,
Upraise the soul to heaven and God.

Lackest thou *joy* ? Do sorrows bow
And toss thy soul, and wreath thy brow ?
What saith the scene thine eyes survey,
In the broad blaze of living day ?
How sports the insect in the beam,
Or jocund skims the pebbly stream,
Poising awhile with out-spread wing,
To peep within the glassy screen,
Then to some woody covert spring,
His colours glancing ’mid the green !
What tell these boundings to and fro,

The quiverings of his pinions bright,
But inexpressible delight,
That from his sense of being flow !
What sparkles in the eddying flood,
Dark with its canopy of wood,
Catching anon some solar ray,
That strives to bring the golden day—
Lo ! 'tis the gentle fishes' play !
See how they roam their tiny ocean,
Shoot, skim, or dive with constant motion,
As guides the will their frolic way !
See how they nestle 'neath yon root,
Of man's intrusive footstep coy,
Then, starting from their covert, shoot,
In very wantonness of joy !

The million flies that load the air
Some heav'nly message to thee bear,
Whether they glitter in the ray,
Weaving their labyrinthine way,
Or buzz their pleasure in thine ear,
Laughing aside each throb of fear,
Or take awhile their gentle stand,
Unbidden on the unconscious hand,
Rub their bowed head, and comb their wing,
Then leap with an extatic spring,

Wherever hill and dale invite,
The earth their universal right !
Joy glistens in the lizard's eye,
While, basking in the noon-tide beam,
On some huge stone, by path or stream,
He watches for the thoughtless fly !
How glance his scales of speckled hue,
Light green, or gold, or pearly blue,
As he his lightsome gambols weaves,
Or, gliding to his couch of leaves,
There rests and ruminates awhile,
Type of the lordly crocodile !
He starts—with peril runs the race,
And rushes to his hiding place.
So bust'ling in his gaudy coat,
What may his restless play denote ?
Joy!—for the hand of God is here !
O why is he a God of fear,
Who thus delights a life to give,
And bids all live in bliss who live !

The eye is full of sights of joy,
The ear is full of sounds of mirth—
From every bush or mound of earth,
Rise songs of bliss that never cloy !
The buzz of insects in the air—

The hum of bees, that joyous bear
Their treasure to their homes,—the song
Of birds, that flit the groves among—
The busy brood, that crowd the breeze
With their incessant loom-like sound,
In every bush and brake around,
Cicalas, tenants of the trees—
What mean these unremitting lays,
From wake of morn to closing even,
Resounding thro' the vaults of heav'n?
What? but the great Creator's praise!
Nay, when the sinking sun hath set,
Night owns the measure of her debt.
Still sights and sounds the hours employ,
That speak of love, that speak of joy:
The fire-fly, spangling herb and bower,
The brightest in the darkest hour,
As tho' twere given the earth to lie
A mirror for the starry sky—
The frog, that knows his home and clime,
And croaks his thanks from out the slime—
All have a song to lift above,
All have a song of joy and love.
Rude tho' the minstrel-accent seem,
We know the voice, we know the theme.
The burden of their thousand lays,
It rises like a cloud of praise,

From all that creep, from all that swim ;
From all on earth's broad bosom lying,
From all thro' boundless regions flying—
How blest, who draw their life from Him !

My soul, my soul ! is this *their* song,
Whose life with swift-wing'd time is bound,
Whose longings grovel on the ground,
Who, part of man, to man belong ?
Shall *they* rejoice, and *thou* but weep ?
Up ! from thy couch of slumber leap !
The mercies that are *their's*, are *thine*,
The earthly corn, and oil, and wine ;
But far beyond all these transcending,
The azure sky now o'er thee bending,
Which lights all being from above,
Yields *thee* a Father's smile of love.
All things that now *their* being know,
All things that know it not, yet grow,
With sparkling eye, and gorgeous coat,
His name, who made them *His*, denote.
But thou more wond'rous acts can'st scan,
Depths of divine redemption sounding,
Owning, the angelic hosts surrounding,
The Son of God as Son of Man.

Mark the fresh breeze that fans the air,
 Now sweetly breathing o'er each flower,
 Then, when the storm collects its power,
 Rushing, like lion from his lair—
 Thou feel'st—but see'st it not, my soul.
 Thou know'st not where its billows go,
 Or whence they spring in ceaseless flow,
 Save only that around they roll,
 And wake all tenants of the earth,
 To joy in their renewing birth.
 Yet sweeter far to thee o'er-worn,
 The Spirit's breath than breath of morn;
 When, springing from its couch of rest,
 It breathes of regions of the blest.
 Then gaze around, nor longer bow
 To earthly cares thy heav'n-lit brow!
 Rich is the world with sights of bliss,
 And sounds of earth-born happiness;
 But O, a richer kingdom lies,
 Beyond the face of azure skies!
 Well may'st thou raise thy drooping head,
 Thy lines in pleasant places spread,
 Sealed and in view a heav'nly throne—
 While here, as long as suns shall shine,
 A goodly heritage—*all thine*,
*Thou Christ's, and Christ His Father's own!*¹

¹ 1 Cor. iii. 22, 23.

The effulgence of his Maker's might
Man fain would seek, but seeks in vain
Yet, sheltered by the rock, how bright
His glory's train !¹

Oh ! as the burning rays depart,
And soothing shades of eve decline,
Shoot one kind glance within my heart,
And note me Thine !

For not in vain are flung around
These wooded summits to the sea,
Since here a refuge may be found
For care and me !

I sit and muse where Serchio strays,
Soft murmuring in her pebbly bed ;
She hath a voice of other days,
To wake the dead.

Sweetly she whispers in the ear,
Of summer-hours in boyhood's prime ;
And asks the tribute of a tear
From cruel time.

She says, of early visions bright,
There is no need to drive them hence ;
She pleads, they never cheat the sight,
Nor cloy the sense.

¹ Exodus xxxiii. 22, 23.

Well, let them come ! strange guests are they !
I had forgot, 'mid waste of years,
All youthful smiles, this many a day,
And youthful tears.

The village and the lonely cot,
And this rude arch that spans the stream ;
These are too lowly in their lot
To spoil the dream.

How many golden scenes of bliss
Have danced in such a summer-ray,
While, in some quiet vale like this,
I musing lay !

How busily the fancy wrought,
To mould a heav'n that should not cloy,
From all I saw, or read, or thought,
Of earthly joy !

And now that years have sped away,
And down life's current borne me on ;
What of youth's dreams can manhood say,
But—*they are gone !*

Gone—as the cloud whose golden hue
Fast fades in the advancing light ;
Gone—as the drops of evening dew,
That sink in night !

So gone—that ere thy murmurs stilled,
Fair Serchio, life's throbbing pain;
I had forgot they ever filled
 My youthful brain.

For cloudy hath the noon-day been,
And rudely heav'd the ocean's swell!
Ere this, I bade each early scene
 A long farewell!

Nor mourn I that those days were wind,
And Fancy's dreams evanished hence—
O who can fill the immortal mind
 With joys of sense!

For I have sought a purer joy,
Firm fixed on an eternal ground;
A bliss that cannot fail or cloy—
 And I have found!

It came not on the morning cloud—
It sipped not of the evening dew—
When seas were rude, and storms were loud,
 It rose to view!

It feeds on bread man cannot taste,
And meekly quaffs affliction's tear;
When the mind wears, and senses waste,
 Then it is near.

For in such things its life abides,¹
Springing, as wanes man's wasted form;
Gleams in the night, and joyous rides
Above the storm.

It is a joy earth cannot know,
That blesses those who inly weep;
Confirms the word: In tears who sow,
In smiles shall reap!²

Sweet hope! tho' youth return no more,
And glittering visions swift decay;
The soul above earth's clouds shall soar
In endless day!

Thus to Faith's eye, thro' damps of earth,
Less bright each carnal pleasure seems;
One glimpse of heavenly joy is worth
A life of dreams.

Content to see the bubbles break,
That glistened in the youthful eye;
To scenes of heavenly bliss I wake,
That never die!

¹ Isaiah xxxviii.

² Psalm cxlvi. 5.

LOIANO.

A VILLAGE ON THE SUMMIT OF AN APPENINE,
NEAR THE BATHS OF LUCCA.

HO ! EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH, COME YE TO THE WATERS.
ISAIAH LV. 1.

HIGH on the mountain's crown,
While all around is swathed in deepest brown,
Say, whence yon silvery gleam,
Reflecting bright the sun's departing beam?
There man hath sought his rest,
Within the eagle's nest,
Sick of the city's noise, and pomp, and power—
Content, with daily toil,
To court the barren soil,
And bid afar the world's supremest dower.
How, from the ethereal height,
Dwindle the mightiest works of human might !

And as his glance surveys,
Yon lines of trodden ways,
He, fain, unmindful of the law of love,
Forgets, as pass the pigmy crowd before his face,
That he himself is nought above
A brother of the race!
Far as the eye can see
Beneath him stretch the lordly Appenines,
Belted with cypress, garlanded with vines,
Rearing their backs in wooded majesty.
There may he raise his shrine—his God adore,
Conning His works of might down to the Mid-sea's shore.

But little thought hath man
Of Nature's glories, while his cheek is wan
With pinching want and care—
His eye to heav'n upturned in bootless prayer!
The nightly dews that lie
So rich around, his thirst may not supply,
Nor earth reveal her founts to glad his clouded eye.
For many and many an age,
The maidens sped their weary pilgrimage,
With toilsome steps and slow—
Their brazen vessels on their shoulders slung—
Down to the vale below,
O'er whose rich crops the wooded mountain hung.

There, in a mossy cave,
'Mid groves of chesnut on the hill's broad side,
Their burning brows they lave,
Where gushed a fount, whose waters never died.
So sweet the lowly spot—so hid from day—
Like a swallow's nest it lay!
With unremitting toil
They bear the stream, more choice than wine or oil,
Till, having won the height, they pour around
And cool the thirsty tongue, and glad the parched ground.

Lo! from the covert green,
With weary steps they came, the groves between,
Thro' narrow paths, that wound
To ease the toil of the precipitous ground.
Gladly their footsteps clung
To the gnarled roots, that o'er their pathway sprung.
Cedars and chesnuts gazed,
As up they wrought—at their hard lot amazed,
While they their stores await,
Drawing their moisture fresh from heav'n's gate;
Then poured it forth in tears,
To see poor man thus slaving all his years;
And to the toilsome band their shadows lent,
And stretched their brawny arms to smoothe the
steep ascent.

No more the rugged way
Compels the strength and burden of the day.
From the extremest isle,
Where yon bright sun now rests his parting smile,
Two strangers hither sought
The health these wooded hills have ever brought ;
They marked the toilsome steep—
They marked the maidens wend their way, and weep ;
Then strove to raise,
The gushing stream, and the responsive praise.
They pierced the mountain's crown,
A fount besought—then poured the blessing down,
And bade the thirsty hail, their hearths beside,
The never-ceasing spring surcharge its golden tide !

Joy lights the clouded eye,
As now, beneath the hot and sweltering sky,
The maidens trip to draw the cooling stream—
And as the sun-rays gleam
On the full current, rushing from its cave—
Their brazen vessels bubbling with the wave—
They scarce can deem their hands the prize attain
Without a moment's pain.
And as adown the steep, steep side they gaze,
And mark the toilsome ways,
That ope'd the mossy well-head on the sight,

Whence toiled they up the height,
To scatter life and light,
They raise the hand, and bless the flowing tide,
And those, their stranger-guests, who thus their want
supplied.

Blest were the hands, that bade the waters flow,
Life to preserve, and jocund health bestow !
Yet *dead* yon living wave,
It hath no power to save !
The lip may quaff—man's sense awhile immerst
In the full flow, and still the soul be curst
With an undying thirst,
That will not yield, tho' o'er the mountain's side,
Founts of the depths beneath burst forth—a boundless
tide.

Who of this drinks must thirst again, and die ;
For what of earth can the soul's wants supply ?
Then far more blest, to whom the work is given
To ope the wells of heav'n,
And point the eye to the immortal Fount
In Zion's hallowed mount—
Water of life—free gift of Christ to all,
Who simply on Him call !
O seek then for the living wave,
This—this alone hath power the life to save !

Hardly you toiled to gain the mountain's side,
 Seeking a day's supply,
 Then, with the wave to die—
 Ask, and the boon is your's—an everlasting tide!

The supply of water to the inhabitants of Loiano, or Lugliano, is one of the many acts of beneficence, for which our countrymen have distinguished themselves on the Continent. The fountain, which is a substantial structure of stone, without needless ornament, is erected in the centre of the village. The spring is pure and abundant. The following inscription engraved upon it records the gift and the names of the donors.

QVESTA FONTE

A COMMODO PUBBLICO FECERO

GLI UOMINI DELLA SEZIONE DI LUGLIANO,

A PROPRIE SPESE E CO' DONI

DI LORD SANDON E DI LADY BUTE,

A. D. 1825.

Attinga il passegger la limpid' onda,
 Abbeveri il pastor, greggi, ed armenti,
 E Generosi Donatori Rammenti.

VERONA.

JULIET'S TOMB.

WOE UNTO THEM THAT CALL EVIL GOOD, AND GOOD EVIL ; THAT PUT
DARKNESS FOR LIGHT, AND LIGHT FOR DARKNESS, THAT PUT BITTER
FOR SWEET, AND SWEET FOR BITTER.—ISAIAH V. 20.

I STOOD beside the open tomb
Where living Juliet lay,
Lighting the damp vault's midnight gloom,
Like a bright and sunny ray—
The spirit of my boyhood rose,
And bade the story of her woes
Resume their earlier sway ;
Yet no !—for ever fled the hour,
When even Shakespeare's spell had power

My eye was on the tomb—my soul
Far o'er the ocean fled,
And sought, beyond the world's control,
A green and lowly bed,

Where one, her friends' beloved care,
As Juliet fond, as Juliet fair,
Reclines her weary head ;
No victim of an earthly love,
Her treasure in the realms above !

I never see a beauteous flower
Bow its frail head and die,
But 'fore me rears the leafy bower,
Where Ellen's ashes lie—
I never see the pallid brow
Of youth and beauty bowed low,
With bright but sunken eye,
But she appears, in shaded bloom,
The loveliest inmate of the tomb.

Tho' like a blighted rose, her form
Withered in calm decay ;
And o'er her full-blown bloom the storm
Wrought its remorseless way ;
She clung not to the strings of life,
Nor murmured at the ceaseless strife,
Though her Redeemer slay—
But watched, with meek and quiet eye,
The shades of Death, that hovered nigh.

Long seemed the hour, as, year by year,
Returned the laughing spring ;
And many a branch, erst dry and sear,
Put forth its blossoming ;
And many a bird, in many a grove,
Trilled loud of liberty and love,
Fluttering on joyous wing ;
Wondering what voice could check its lay,
Where shone so warm, so bright a ray.

For *her* spring's balmy sweets were vain ;
They had no power to cheer—
The wintry storms of ceaseless pain
Wrung forth the anguished tear—
Yet, 'neath disease's secret fang,
Her song of future bliss she sang,
Faith triumphing o'er fear ;
While beamed, in visions bright and blest,
The golden city of her rest !

Thousands roam hither, to bewail
The haplessness of love ;
And, as they list the mournful tale,
Their fancies fondly rove,
And picture to the frenzied eye,
The form of Juliet, loving, lie,
A fair and timid dove ;

While Romeo, in his grief unblest,
“ Sets up his everlasting rest.¹ ”

Well may they weep, that such a day
Should sink in such a night;
That youth's proud strength, and beauty's ray,
Should fade 'neath such a blight—
Well may they weep—for gathering gloom
Lours, where crime hath raised a tomb,
And Satan claims his right,
Ere the charmed heart God's grace might move
From earthly to celestial love !

All other sympathy is vain
With the souls that sorrowed here—
The truth of God shall aye remain,
Tho' lies becloud the bier;
Myriads may throng to feed the sense,
With woes of fabled innocence,
The fate, not trespass, fear—
Yet still the thought beclouds the brow :
“ How speeds it with the lovers now ! ”

¹ ———— O, here

Will I set up my everlasting rest.

Romeo and Juliet, Act v. Scene iii.

But Ellen's tomb no feeling wakes
Of doubt or dread forlorn,
On sorrow's night refulgent breaks
The resurrection-morn :
For faith, and love, and hope possessed
The heart that panted for its rest,
By sin and woe o'erworn,
And longed, with virgin-love, to sing
Her pledged espousals with her King.

Not on earth's joys, tho' joys of love,
Can a soul new-born delight;
She wings her way, like a silken dove,
To the beatific sight,—
The Lamb in bliss, beyond compare,
The fairest of ten thousand fair,
The Lord of life and light,—
Who bids his bride, in mansions blest,
“Set up her everlasting rest.”

MILAN.

AT THE BRIGHTNESS BEFORE HIM HIS THICK CLOUDS PASSED—HAIL-
STONES AND COALS OF FIRE.—PSALM XVIII. 12.

THE storm is busy in the sky,
And thunders lift their voice on high,
—There is a wilder storm abroad,
The voice of conscience and of God !

'Tis this that rides the restless air,
And flashes in the lightning's glare,
Blanches man's cheek, and bids him speed,
To seek a refuge in his need.

Were there no storm within the soul,
Why should the outer storm control ?
Why shrink before the call of God,
Unless in terror of his rod ?

Vainly yon pearl-white temple rears
Its ark of strength from slavish fears—
How may we dare the courts within,
So doomed to wrath, so stained with sin!

Behold! as nears the Almighty's form,
Robed in the whirlwind and the storm,
Man cowers beside his destined grave—
A son, with feelings of a slave!

Not thus, when Adam's guiltless eye
Saw tokens of his Maker nigh!
Then joyously the groves he trod,
To meet and commune with his God.

But oh! beguiled by Satan's lies,
How changed the scenes of Paradise!
The cool of evening bade him greet,
The God of love with willing feet:

Jesus was there, for Truth is He,
He loves, and loves eternally—
As wont, His welcome footsteps bend,
To meet His creature as His friend.

'Adam!'—it rose upon the air,
The winds the precious burden bare—
Each tree, rejoicing in the sound,
Rustled the grateful echo round.

‘Adam!’—it touched the sinner’s breast,
He started, fevered and unblest;
Then ran to seek, as one betrayed,
The covert of the deepest shade.

’Twas the same voice, ’twas the same Lord—
Why pierced it as a two-edged sword?
Conscience aloud proclaimed within;
God dwelt not with a heart of sin!

Still breathed its balm the ambient air,
The trees of Eden still were fair:
But Adam’s heart no rapture bore—
Eden was Eden now no more!

Thus vainly man his heart would stay
On baubles of a fond world’s sway;
The voice within proclaims their worth—
There is a God to judge the earth.

What then shall bring that God to me,
And make me joy His face to see?
What bid me stand where once I stood?
—A conscience purged by Jesus’ blood!

This lights a spark within the eye,
Brighter than flares yon kindled sky;
This wakes a whisper in the soul,
More searching than the thunder’s roll.

What tho' the sudden blaze unshroud
Yon heaving mass of angry cloud ;
It gives to view—embathed in flame—
The Temple of His hallowed name.

I see it glow, redeemed from night,
A palace framed of living light,
While heav'nward points, all tipped with fire,
Each fretted pinnacle and spire.

Then let the tempest hail its King,
Tho' rude, its loud Hosannas sing,
And with the wreath its fingers wove,
Entwine the Zion of His love ;

HE plants the rainbow's glowing form,
To bound the fierce and raging storm,
And bids the sinner fear no more,
The lightning, or the thunder's roar !

THE CHURCH OF ST. AMBROSE.

WHOSE FAITH FOLLOW.—HEB. XIII. 7.

WE stood where spread the BORROMEAN shrine,
Rearing its back athwart the summer-sky,
Bristled with pinnacles and saints—while line
On line of marble fretwork gleamed on high,
Pure as tho' dews of earth ne'er ventured nigh,
And bright as beauteous—thus we gazed awhile,
With an enraptured, but unsated eye;
Then bent our footsteps to a lowlier pile,
Where flowers of holy thoughts might win the spirit's
smile !

A range of low-browed vaults, a court of tombs,
A rude brick tower—all marked by touch of Man
Or Time—arches which the broad sun illumines,
Like moon-light shed o'er features sunk and wan—
How claims the pile Man's blessing or his ban !
Yet *here* the Lombard kings their empire sought,
And bade the iron crown their temples span :
And, more than all Earth's grandeur aye hath wrought,
Here an AUGUSTINE sat, and *here* an AMBROSE taught !

O blest the suckling's voice, that stilled the strife,
 And changed the sceptre to the pastor's rod !
 That named the saint who should account his life
 But death, armed from the armoury of God—
 His breast-plate Christ—with gospel-tidings shod—
 His helm Salvation—Faith his shield—and Prayer
 His staff of strength, to aid where'er he trod—
 His loins truth-girt—while high his frail hands bear
 The Spirit's sword.¹ They needed such—and such a man
 was there !²

Think not he fears the ascent, lest mortal frown
 Wake o'er his head the storm of mortal power !
 Alike to him who wears the imperial crown—
 Alike to him what clouds of vengeance lour—
 If but Christ's grace and presence bless the dower,
 He will not shrink, 'mid hate and scorn, to serve ;
 He knows his strength proportioned to the hour,
 Nor e'er shall VALENTINIAN bend his nerve,
 Nor THEODOSIUS' tears cause his just judgment swerve !

Unequal seems the fight, where legions throng
 In fleshly armour clad, with glittering spear,
 And sword and shield, in wealth of kingdoms strong,
 'Gainst one weak arm, and one sad heart of fear !
 Yet know they not—*the Lord, the Lord is here !*

¹ Eph. vi. 14—18.

² Milner's Church History. Cent. IV. Chap. XII.

Their passion's storm, as ocean's waves, to bound!
 Vain fools! who deem things are as they appear,
 Nor know the signs above, nor mark around
 Chariots and steeds of fire His feeble flock surround!¹

Faith is the mirror, by whose aid man's eye,
 Cleared from its nature's films, all things discerns
 Not as they seem, but are: the panoply
 Of angel-host he sees, and peril spurns:
 He marks them gather thick around—then turns
 To the blind multitude, whose strength is spite,
 And his Lord's glory in his bosom burns:
 "Let potsherds of the earth with potsherds fight,
 "Nor bring their brittle strength to meet their Maker's
 might!"²

Well might the saint the imperial minions dare,
 When, filled with Arian hate, they wrought by charm
 Or force to pluck him from the house of prayer!
 Well might he soothe his flock, and hush alarm,
 Watching Christ's look, and leaning on His arm!
 Of heavenly hosts he marked the flashing blaze,
 And who of man should of such aid disarm?
 'Twas his to win the sheep from error's maze,
 And cheer their drooping souls with his sweet chaunt of
 praise!³

¹ 2 Kings vi. 17.² Isaiah xlv. 9.³ The Ambrosian Chaunt.

'Twas strength divine, that nerved his soul to bear,
And taught his arm the Spirit's sword to wield;
'Twas strength divine, that raised him from the snare,
And to the moan of false compassion steeled!
When came the Emperor from the gore-stained field,
Nor vows nor prayers availed, nor words of scorn
From haughty lips—To Christ the soul must yield!
If great the crime, high must the cross be borne—
Who shared in David's sin, in David's tears must mourn!

Where burns the torch that lit the altar's gloom?
Say, is it quenched amid yon mouldering bones?
O would the God of Ambrose smite the tomb,
And wake a voice from out these voiceless stones!
Is there not one to face apostate thrones,
And Israel from her blinded wanderings turn,
Flinging to moles and bats the gods she owns?
—O rouse the flames that in these ashes burn,
Nor bid us gaze on scenes, now never to return!

THE DUOMO.

ON A RELIQUE OF S. CARLO BORROMEO, ON WHICH HIS
MOTTO ' UMILITAS ' WAS ENGRAVED.

MAY such a grace, so prized by God,
In sight of man so mean,
On jewelled crown, or sceptered rod,
Or spangled ring, be seen ?

It may—for He hath might to awe
The brow of princely pride ;
And bid o'er hearts of kings his law
Of holiness preside !

It may—for where the crest of power
Nods o'er an angel's crown,
It pours an ever-sparkling shower
Of richest glories down !

Yet ever to the heav'n-taught eye,
It bears a twofold sign;
Whence man its essence may descry,
Or earthborn or divine.

It never *loves* a coat besprent
With gems of worldly cost;
It never *boasts* its proud descent,
In letters deep embossed.

Unlike the rude and gaudy gem,
That courts the idler's gaze,
From ball, or princely diadem,
Flinging its flashing rays,

'Tis as the jewel of the mine,
Glistening tho' none are by;
Content in loneliness to shine,
Beneath its Maker's eye.

No bold-set characters disclose
The secret of its birth;
No glare attracts the gaze of those,
Who cannot spell its worth.

Unmarked by all, but such as love
The sun's supernal beam;
It bids man raise his eye above,
Nor heed *its* passing gleam.

For well it knows the Day-spring bright,
And well it reads His rays;
In Him alone its source of light,
To Him alone the praise !

But should it smile at its own fame,
When in the balance tried ;
HUMILITY hath lost its name,
Transmuted into PRIDE !

LAGO MAGGIORE.

THE STATUE OF S. CARLO BORROMEO.

SONNET.

THERE stands the giant-priest, in hues of morn,
High o'er his native woods—his face benign
Beaming, where spread the plains of corn and wine,
With hand uplift to bless—his heel of scorn
Turned on the mountains! Not in vain the sign;
For while each Lombard city loves his image to adorn,
There breathes a spirit on the mountain-height,
That spurns the yoke, and will not cease to claim
For man, what God hath sealed his being's right,
To know His will, who marked him with His name!
There thou, proud priest! hast waged a ruthless fight,
Tinging the snows with blood of blind and lame!
The *soul* thou can'st not bend, tho' thou the *body* slay,
Where Faith her fastness holds! Well may'st thou turn
away!

THE SIMPLON.

THE SABBATH.

WHICH BY HIS STRENGTH SETTETH FAST THE MOUNTAINS, BEING
GIRDED WITH POWER.—PSALM LXV. 6.

WHY hide thy head beneath the tempest's wing,
Gigantic Alp! since man demands thine aid,
To rear a Sabbath-Temple to his king,
Whose arm of old thy deep foundations laid!
He looks to thee, as up his footsteps wend,
Scaling thy heights, his vows with thine to blend;
For thou a tale may'st tell of sovereign sway—
Unveil thy cloudy brow, and hail the Sabbath-day!

A Temple wert thou framed, where God might stand,
To mark the movements of His creature man;
Search where, to work his will, a willing hand,
Or willing eye, that righteous will to scan.
But O! how changed the scene! since far and near,
Vile earth and viler men, once good, appear;
His kingdom spurned, who gives all being breath;
And holds with even hand the scales of Life and Death!



THE SCOTTISH



A Temple wert thou still of life and light,
When rose the sun upon a drowned world—
There, on the brow of Ararat's rocky height,
He stood, and back the foaming billows hurled —
How shrank the greedy waves beneath his feet,
As on He came His ark-bound flock to meet!
Girdling their kingdom by the sandy shore,
He bade them yield their prey—and vex the world no more.

But lo! rebellion rules the stubborn land—
Again the mountain owns its Maker's tread!
He comes, He comes with thunder in his hand,
Darkness and tempest garlanding his head:
How start the myriads from their earth-born dream,
Ugazing, where the crests of Sinai gleam,
While trumpet-blasts their rightful Lord proclaim,
Who will not gaze on sin—since Jealous is His name!

What shakes the spirits of the smitten crowd?
Not the far tokens of a coming God,
Shrouding his glory in the deep'ning cloud—
'Tis sense of guilt, that points his lightning's rod!
In peace they saw Him not—they see him now;
And haste to frame the long-forgotten vow;
'All that He saith, we do!' they trembling cry—
'We fear not man, but God! O shield us, or we die!'

¹ Exod. xxiv. 7.

But who dares climb, with fearless foot, the mount,
Thus blazing 'neath unmitigated wrath,
With eye of Faith beholding Mercy's fount,
Thro' the dense clouds, that gather o'er his path?
'Tis he, the friend of God!¹ who marks on high
Love's rays of glory gild the frowning sky!
O how should He, who guides their desert-way,
His erring flock forsake? How should he save, to slay?²

Since then, oft glimpses of Sabbatic rest
Hath he revealed upon the mountain's crown—
Oft bade the southern breeze wave Leban's crest,
And o'er his Zion shake the incense down—
Oft hath He fed, mid Carmel's groves, his flock—
Oft called the wave from Horeb's flinty rock—
While hills and dales with sabbath-blessings rang,
To still rude Ebal's curse, or Sinai's trumpet-clang.

On Pisgah's brow he bade his prophet stand,
And toward the setting sun-beam bend his eye;
There, far and wide beneath, the promised land
Waved its full harvests 'neath a summer-sky—
Hard seemed his lot to see, and yet not share,
The guerdon of his toil and fondest prayer;
Yet to his desert-woes an end how blest—
Heav'n's heritage of bliss, the Canaan of his rest!

¹ Exod. xxxiii. 11.

² Deut. ix. 28.

And O ! more favoured yet, where purest air,
And hallowed loneliness delight to dwell ;
There raised the Prince of Peace his house of prayer,¹
There met the Father, whom he loved so well ;
High communings were there for man's lost race,
While Tabor's glories lit the Saviour's face—
And oft he fainted 'neath the noon-tide might—
And oft his locks were gemmed with dew-drops of the night.

On mountain-tops he loved to pluck the fruit
Of life—to stay him in his course below,
While rays, which from the heav'nly presence shoot,
Beamed smiles of love to cheer his hour of woe !
There fought he his last fight with Sin and Death,
And Calvary received his parting breath ;
Well might the mountains chant his hymn of rest,
And shake their leafy brows, and rend their rocky breast!²

Thus, as they crowd around, we joyful hail
Their giant masses, girt in robes of storm—
Tho,' thro' the gathering gloom, no sun-beam pale
Gleams, where dense clouds the sabbath-dawn deform ;
And hoarse the torrents roar, while lawines high,
O'erhanging, glimmer in the driving sky—
We have a staff to tread the mountain-side,
Smooth is each pass of dread, with an Almighty guide.

¹ Mark vi. 46.² Matt. xxvii. 51.

Then let us weave a sabbath-song, e'en here,
Mid elements of unrest—for they shall be
The ministers of His fane, since He is near,
The organ-tubes of heav'nly harmony !
We ask a song from each, for nought can raise
A voice in nature, but that voice is praise :
Shall man alone withhold his tribute lay ?
Come, let us join our strains, and hail the Sabbath-day !

WORMS.

THEY SHALL FIGHT AGAINST THEE, BUT SHALL NOT PREVAIL AGAINST
THEE, FOR I AM WITH THEE TO DELIVER THEE, SAITH THE LORD.—
JER. I. 19.

ALL hail the sun, who, from his mid-day height,
Thro' driving tempests pours his cheering beam;
While wakes the living landscape in his light,
Each spire rejoicing in the golden gleam,
Vineyards and castles mirrored in the stream !
Well may he smile, where truth hath raised the dead,
And waked the nations from their deathful dream ;
While heav'nly light her loving influence shed,
Before whose faintest ray the midnight shadows fled !

Joy to the nations, when the Lord unfurled
His banner o'er the realms of deepest gloom ;
When He arose once more to shake the world,
Bear back the power of hell, and burst the tomb,
While Satan writhed in terror of his doom !
How shone o'er ruined man His mercy's sign,
Bidding faint faith her buried hopes resume,
While gleamed light, life, and liberty divine,
As now these heav'n-lit rays bespread thy breast, O Rhine !

Mourn not yon hoary ruins, that uprear
Their broken crests amid a scene so fair;
For fraud and violence wrought those dens of fear—
Who shared in crime may well in ruin share!
The arm that roused the lion in his lair,
And nerved a Luther's soul no power to shun,
Tho' devils thronged in hate of their despair,
Hath shelled them, scattered thus beneath the sun,
Like refuse-spoils of earth, as when a vintage's done.¹

Hated by men, whose souls he sought to save,
Panting and worn, like partridge in the chace,
How would the hero mark this calm blue wave
Steal by, safe nestled in the hills' embrace,
A beauteous symbol of his Master's grace!
From crimes of men how would he turn away,
To hail in thee, fair Rhine! thy Maker's face,
While, murmuring blessings 'neath the blaze of day,
Thy broad, full, fertile tide rolled on its joyous way!

Thou art thy Maker's handy-work, and He
Hath poured thee as a blessing on the land—
Man may not forge thee gyves, for thou art free,
And bidd'st him bound his footsteps to the sand—
Fit base for structures of a mortal's hand!

¹ Isaiah xxiv. 13.

What tho' he rear his works to vaunt the sky;
Soon, soon they piecemeal drop beneath Time's wand,
Whilst thou, in pristine strength, still sleepest by,
Like that celestial wave, that glads the courts on high.

Such wert thou to *his* soul, who fought alone,
Nor yielded, tho' the world and hell combined—
They crumbling, fell, like these gray walls of stone;
While, by the river's side, *his* firm roots find
Nurture and strength, by God's broad signet signed,
Tossing their leafy boughs, with fruitage stored,
Round mortal brows immortal wreaths to bind—
O well was wielded here the warrior's sword,
Who fought against a world—that world against its Lord!

COLOGNE.

THE CATHEDRAL—THE SHRINE OF THE MAGI.

The cathedral of Cologne—built over the reputed ashes of the magi, or, as they are termed, the three kings, Balthasar, Melchior, and Gaspar—had it been completed, would have equalled in magnificence any gothic edifice in Europe. Nothing, however, is finished but the chancel, which is in the richest style of florid gothic, estimated at 173 feet in elevation. A low wall, including a nave partially built, connects it with the tower, which, after running up half its height, breaks off, leaving the old broken jointed lever, by which stones were hauled up, to serve by way of finish. This is not the only abortion of the kind on the Continent.

LOFTY were the thoughts that formed thee,
And thy fretted arches bound;
But what hand of ruin stormed thee,
As thou spurnedst the burdened ground!
As a giant son of earth
Was the promise of thy birth;
Did some rude and secret blow,
Bow thy strength, and lay thee low?



W. T. GREEN, SC.

1810



High thy head, tho' maimed and broken,
Towers o'er other sons of clay;
Mammoth-like—a living token,
Of a race now swept away!
Why—when rays of morn illumine
Rich the orient monarchs' tomb,
Yielded to thy hallowed trust—
Liest thou grovelling in the dust?

Came no hand of succour near thee,
As thou leanedst upon thy throne;
Would no arm arise to rear thee,
Not an eye thy sorrows own?
Ah! each morn the sun in vain,
Lights from far the peopled plain;
Every eye to thee may turn,
Not a tear for thee will mourn!

In thy breast the Magi slumber,
And thou guard'st the sacred shrine;
And to greet thee, without number,
Pilgrims haste with many a sign:
Then, since far and wide thy name
Bears its honours—plead thy claim;
As the tower its shadow flings,
Point the merits of thy kings!

Thou hast claim on Gentile nations,
For thou wentst at break of day ;
Bearing glad the earth's oblations,
Where the God of nations lay !
Hadst thou not, while Jews adored,
Wealth into His bosom poured,
They had never owned their king !
Will they now no succour bring ?

Thou hast claim from the throne's splendour,
Boundless wealth, and pomp, and pride ;
Lo ! for kings thou kneel'd'st to render
Guerdon at the manger's side !
Well they paid, beneath thy wings,
Honour to the King of kings,
Bowed their thrones before heav'n's throne !
Is there none the debt to own ?

Thou hast claim from wisdom's bowers,
For thine hand her offerings spread,
Sparkling gems and wreathed flowers,
Wrought to grace the Saviour's head !
Meet it was that wisdom came,
Casting down her rolls of fame,
Where the Lord of wisdom lay—
Will she now no homage pay ?

Ah ! 'tis as an idle story—

Sages gaze with aspect cold ;
Kings are caught with earthly glory,

And the rich with earthly gold :
Arch and column, far and wide,
Rise to grace the sons of pride,
Answering to the calls of Fame—
But who owns thy nobler claim ?

Lo ! the west its mail-clad legions

Summons, and speeds reckless on !
Turn thee to the eastern regions,
Where the star of Bethlehem shone !
Tell them of our sin and shame ;
We, who guard the Magi's fame,
Care not, 'mid our corn and wine,
To uprear their grovelling shrine !

But in vain—thy plaint resounding

Dies away on desert-sands ;
Baal's hosts, the cross surrounding,
Guard the ark with blood-stain'd hands.
What reck they for thy renown,
Smiling scorn beneath their frown ;
Christ the orient clime hath fled,
And no Eden rears its head !

Then awake the dreaming sages,
Knocking at the iron tomb ;
Tell them—'mid the sweep of ages,
None to yield their homage come !
Bid them give—and we will raise
High throned trophies to their praise ;
Let them shell their fruits untold,
Myrrh, and frankincense, and gold !

Hush ! a voice, 'mid arches hoary,
Rolls from the sepulchral stone :
' When we sought the Lord of glory,
We but rendered Him His own !
Who are we to pluck the rays,
Which around the manger blaze ?
We have stood—to yield his dower,
We have knelt—to own his power !

Ask ye—why the sun unfolding
Shines on ruins in their prime ?
Ask ye—why the lands beholding
Weep o'er wrecks untouched by Time ?
'Tis that all may see and live,
God will not his glory give !
Not for Him ye wreathed the crown,
And it withers 'neath his frown !'

LIEGE.

WHAT SHALL I SAY ?—ISAIAH XXXVIII. 15.

IN the hour when thoughts arise,
Toss the soul, and cloud the eyes ;
I am tempted, as forgot,
Murmur at my lowly lot:
But a better thought arising,
Soon my unbelief despising,
I bid hence all doubt away—
’Tis His hand—*what shall I say?*

Shall I murmur, if the storm
Bow and toss the still lake’s form ;
Or when rots the stagnant air,
Thunders roll and lightnings glare ;
What the elements’ commotion,
Heavings rude of earth or ocean,
To the hushed and poisonous breath
Of the ministers of death ?

In a land where Satan reigns,
Weaving nets and forging chains,
Where, who roam the fated ground,
Sink, in sin's embraces bound ;
If, by judgment-terrors shaken,
From the dear-bought dreams awaken,
Rescued, ere the tyrant slay—
Tho' in fear—*what shall I say ?*

Shall I say, it had been kind,
Weak, and poor, and lame, and blind,
To have left me on the brink,
Reckless, in the death-pit sink ;
If so deep the spell-bound slumber,
If so close the chains that cumber,
O how fearful was thy state—
And His mercy, O how great !

Look around thee, where the earth
Brings her myriads fore the eye,
Trouble claims them at their birth,
And pursues them, till they die.
True, there blows the fragrant bower,
But the frowns of tempests lower,
And the wreaths of richest bloom
Live, to wither on the tomb.

Ask the gay and busy throng,
Where is reared their bishop's throne—
Where, in sculptured glory strong,
Stands Saint Lambert's shrine of stone?
Gone, the mitred crest of power—
Gone, each pinnacle and tower—
Blank, where once the altar stood,
And the hall is bathed in blood !

Why then mourn, since tempests ride
On the prince's lordly crest—
Roaming o'er the mountain's side,
Nestling in the valley's breast;
If they bring a loving token
Of the peace my Lord hath spoken,
I will place them, as a gem
In a monarch's diadem.

'Tis His hand that wields the rod—
'Tis the chastening of my God—
And I hear His voice of love
Whisper from the realms above:
Then let storms awhile assail me,
His support can never fail me;
I bid hence all doubt away—
'Tis his hand; *What shall I say?*

A RETROSPECT.

ON EARTH PEACE.—LUKE II. 14.

THE earth is ill at rest !
And man will not obey—
The hidden waves, that heave his breast,
Dash in his eye their spray—
Yet twice ten centuries have flung
Their shadows back, since peace was sung.

Long bath her silken wing
Borne here the willing Dove,
Bearing the olive from her King,
With many a word of love—
And yet the plunging earth nor knows,
Nor cares to seek the lost repose !

I asked the fields of France,
If peace were nestled there—
There was a hum and whirling dance,
As of insects in the air ;
It spake of restlessness alone—
' The way of peace she hath not known ! '

I roam'd Italia's plains,
Where the full vine-stock hung
Its clustering wealth o'er broken fanes,
By many a poet sung ;
There peace was wrought by wizard-spell—
But 'twas the lying peace of hell !

All, all around was strange
To souls that sighed for rest !
In vain I searched the Alpine range,
Of Liberty the nest :
Woes me ! the only peace she knows
Is colder than her mountain-snows !

Where'er, where'er I turn,
The marks of sin deform ;
Wild flames within earth's bosom burn,
Without, the raging storm ;
Her joy, as when demoniacs rave :
Her calm, the stillness of the grave !

The earth is ill at rest,
 And will not own her Lord !
 The olive-bough she deems unblest ;
 She claims—and *hath* the sword !
 Will she not seek from sin release ?
 Then what hath she to do with peace ! ¹

He lowered in Sinai's flame—
 She bowed the suppliant knee :
 A babe, in robes of peace, He came—
 She mocked his sovereignty :
 He bids her turn—her sins increase—
 O what hath she to do with peace !

Shall then man's clay-formed hand,
 Tho' armed with spear and sword,
 Jehovah's sovereign will withstand,
 And nullify his word ?
 He reigns—howe'er earth restless be !
 He reigns—howe'er man scorn the knee ! ²

By men of sin unseen,
 Far spreads the reign of peace ;
 A seedling born, its growth hath been,
 A giant-oak's increase :
 Sooner shall Heav'n's expanse decay,
 Earth burn—than He one promise stay !

¹ 2 Kings ix. 18.

² Psalm xcix. 1

What tho' a reckless world
Its Maker's power defy,
Heed not his flag of truce unfurled,
Nor cower beneath his eye—
Still far resounds, who hears may hear,
The angelic song, each changing year.

Then seek the Eternal Throne!
He will the boon bestow,
A peace, the world hath never known,
The world can never know;¹
I feel it nestle in my breast,
The earnest of celestial rest.

For sure a rest remains
When sin hath fled away;
Where souls, released from Satan's chains,
Bask in unclouded day—
O joy! that such my rest shall be,
When, loosed from earth, I dwell with Thee!

¹ John xiv. 27.

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